JOHN BULL

2½D

VOL. LXX 1834

SWAFFER'S ONE-MAN BRAIN TRUST

ENTER JACKAL No. 2 by A.G.E.

NERVE WAR SEVEN MILES UP

Have a GUINNESS and a good night's rest

I SPY

Weetabix — that's what he spies. It's always such a treat. And he is not the only one who is a Weetabix fan.

All the family love it. A good thing, because this delicious nutty flavoured cereal is so sustaining, so nourishing. And not a crumb is wasted.

No cooking with Weetabix. And you can eat it dry or with hot or cold milk, or as a sandwich, with a variety of tasty centres.

Weetabix

More than a Breakfast Food!

Standard Size 7½d.
Double Size 1/1d.

WEETABIX, Ltd., Weetabix Mills, Burton Latimer, NORTHANTS

John White says:

MORE than ever now is it necessary to obtain the utmost footwear value in return for your money, —and *coupons*. Under war-time restrictions I am maintaining the quality of my famous *Impregnable* and *Temeraire* Brands so that the best possible service is ensured, and doing my best to allocate distribution fairly among stockists, so an enquiry in your District will be always well worth while.

Impregnable Style No. 151

Men's Black Box Oxford, Leather Soles.

Impregnable

JOHN WHITE (Impregnable Boots) LTD., HIGHAM FERRERS, NORTHANTS

Make up what you're missing — with Mars!

COMPARE THE FOOD VALUE YOU GET FOR 2½d	
FOOD	CALORIES FOR 2½d
EGGS	41
MILK	202
BEEF	131
BOILED SWEETS	145
Mars	270

You *must* keep up your strength and energy, these days. So you need plenty of calories—the fuel element of food that needs constantly replacing. You get 270 calories in every Mars Bar—that big chocolate-coated bar with its delicious caramel layer and malted centre. But supplies are limited. So don't buy more than your fair share.

Mars a meal in every bar! 2½d

BUILDERS

THE NEED IS SPEED

The Battle of the Workshops is on! Every individual in the Building Industry who is helping to speed up the construction of new factories is doing a grand job. Keep it up!

Ministry of Works.

17 times more Vitamin B

DOCTORS know that if your Nerves are to keep steady and strong during these trying times; if, in fact, your Nervous System is to be nourished properly, your food must contain greater supplies than ever of the essential Vitamin B . . . and they know that the richest source of this life-giving Vitamin is *pure 'LIVE' Yeast.*

PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast is 'LIVE' Yeast in its purest and most concentrated form. One ounce of PHILLIPS contains 17 times more Vitamin B than ¼-lb. Beef Steak—and you get extra nourishment from all your food.

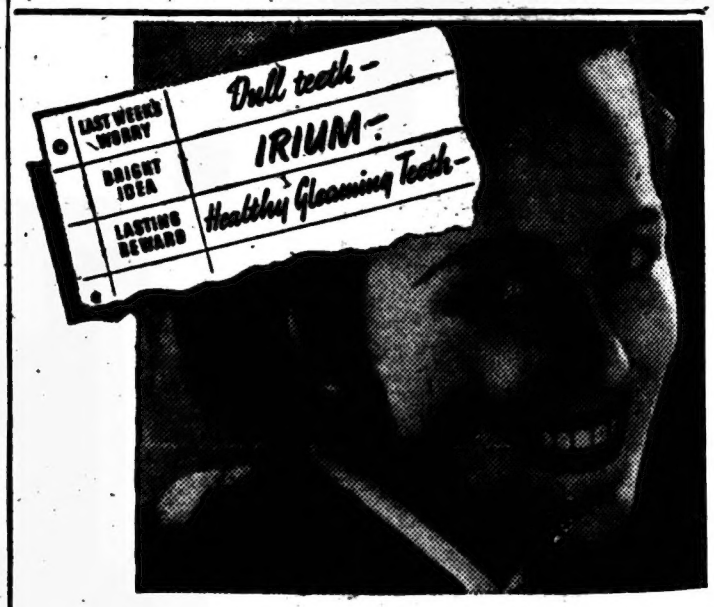
Take PHILLIPS Yeast with your meals; you'll be amazed at the improvement in NERVES and DIGESTION and its WONDERFUL TONIC EFFECTS. It gives LIFE & VITALITY to all.

A DOCTOR writes:
"I am having most excellent results from your preparation—far exceeding any other Yeast."

All Chemists . . . . 1/3, 3/4½, 5/7½ (including Purchase Tax) Tablets

Ask for PHILLIPS—the GUARANTEED PURE 'LIVE' YEAST WITHOUT DRUGS

Phillips TONIC YEAST is LIFE ITSELF!



Don't let dull teeth cast a shadow over your smile. Give them brilliance and sparkle. Make them part of its fascination — with Irium. Irium is Pepsodent's newly-discovered cleanser — and it *is* a cleanser! That is why Pepsodent dissolves surface stains and treacherous little hidden particles, keeps your mouth scrupulously clean and fresh. Change to Pepsodent! See how quickly *your* teeth can look brighter and healthier than ever before!

PEPSODENT

THE *IRIUM* DENTIFRICE

304-A-3

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, August 9, 1941,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true"

CAUTION

● **Russian propaganda is still good, very good.**

But it should not be swallowed whole by British people.

To say this is not to discredit our ally. On the contrary.

Russian propaganda is not designed for our edification. Its purpose is to sow doubt and dismay in Germany.

If the Russian radio tells Germans of cleavage in the Nazi ranks, of the disappearance of Nazi leaders, such reports aim at disheartening our enemies rather than heartening Britons.

Another feature of Soviet propaganda is the microphone anti-Hitler talks by captured German soldiers.

You can imagine the effect they have on war-weary peasants in the Fatherland.

Why does Britain frown on such methods?

A friendly German journalist tells JOHN BULL that he could guarantee to find Nazi soldiers in any British prison camp who would broadcast similar appeals.

We have no doubt he could. But perhaps our authorities think it wouldn't be "decent cricket, don't you know."

What a pity we have to pull our punches in the interests of "cricket"!

Straight from the Shoulder

FINISH THE JOB!

BACK at work after the Bank Holiday, most of us are all the fitter to put our backs into the job of beating Hitler.

Most of our Ministers stuck to their desks throughout the week-end.

But there is no news, yet, whether they have cleared away the mess that holds some of us back from the job.

Coal Shortage

On the whole, Britain is doing pretty well. It could do better if its traditional policy of "muddling through" were handed over to the Salvage Controller as waste paper.

The muddle is at its worst in the coalfields.

JOHN BULL has already warned you that the coal situation is serious. Even the Minister of Mines now admits its gravity.

No Guarantee

Mr. Grenfell admits that he "cannot guarantee" enough coal for all public utilities during the next six weeks.

So we are not merely faced with a prospect of empty grates next winter.

There is a possibility of a breakdown in some public services this summer.

It won't be Mr. Grenfell's fault. He has been hamstrung by senior Ministers.

Idle Pits

On the same day that Mr. Grenfell made his sorry admission, Mr. John Harries spoke on the same subject.

He said: "We have four collieries idle in the Amman Valley. They used to employ 2,000 men. I do not understand it."

We think he does. For the explanation is painfully clear.

Broken Pledge

Though the Government assured us that huge stocks of coal were being amassed for future needs, this was not done.

Instead, pit production was slowed down. Thousands of unemployed miners were drafted into the Army.

So now we have a grave shortage. And the miners who could remedy it are still in khaki.

Release Them!

It is still said that the Army cannot spare them.

That is nonsense. The Army must spare them for its own safety.

Coal in increasing quantities is vital to supply the power for increasing war production.

Skilled men at work in the pits are more important than idle men in uniform.

Shut Down

We need more tanks and bombers. Therefore we need more steel.

Yet modern steel works in Wales and Durham have been shut down under the Concentration of Industry order.

What folly! That order was designed for non-essential industries, not for the heavy industries on which our war production depends.

Besides, it is dangerous folly to concentrate production in a few areas. Industry must be decentralised as a precaution against air attack.

He Won't Wait

Not one steel works, not one steelworker, should be idle. We cannot rely on the U.S.A. to compensate for our idleness.

It is true that 150 American light tanks are rolling off the assembly lines each month. But production of heavy tanks has not yet begun.

And not until next April will the U.S.A. out-produce Germany in tanks.

Roll Out the Bombers!

Not until next Spring, too, can the U.S.A. match German aircraft production.

But we need more, many more bombers for this autumn.

In these columns you have read many examples of slack time in aircraft factories. Even in busy factories, it seems, conditions could be improved.

Sacked

A soldier's young wife, an aircraft worker, was ill for a fortnight. Her doctor's certificate was accepted.

She returned to work for twelve-hour shifts. But she had to take another two days off because of faintness. Maybe her health was not improved by having to walk a mile to the canteen.

Anyhow, she has been dismissed.

Can we afford to dispense so easily with skilled workers?

Now in Khaki

A man walked into our office the other day with a double-sided fine gauge his son had made by hand. It was a little masterpiece of engineering.

Its maker was the key-worker in a firm that helps to produce Merlin aero-engines. The firm finds it absolutely impossible to replace him.

But, because he was young, he had to join-up. He is now scrubbing barrack floors.

Rainy Days

Six thousand men are building a war factory.

They were all "stood off" at 8 a.m. one day because of rain. They waited three hours in the wet for special trains to take them home.

And they weren't paid.

So, when it next rained in the early morning, a thousand of them failed to turn up.

Lost Hours

Another day, 6,000 working hours were lost because the men were summoned to listen to a speaker spinning "blue" yarns and using a few swear words.

It might be better for their morale if they could get cigarettes and decent food on the job, and if—they say—they saw fewer cases of new buildings being torn down because of faulty planning.

Share Out the Food!

Production would also go up if heavy workers could obtain more food.

There's plenty of food in Britain, all right. But it is badly distributed.

Labour investigators find that too much of it is going to hotels and restaurants.

Meals for Miners

One miners' leader provides this contrast:

"We have been examining the men's meal-boxes as they go down for a shift. In some we found dry bread."

What an outcry there'd be if those men were soldiers instead of miners!

Record Harvest

Lest Dr. Goebbels be tempted to quote that testimony, let us remind him again that Britain's food stocks are ample.

Our best crops of the century are now ripening. Hitler would gaze at them with envy.

Don't help him by trampling them down on your country walks.

Defend the 'Dromes

Some of our Ministers should spare time for a country ramble. They would find that the defences of certain aerodromes are still capable of much improvement.

Should not that task be treated as the most important part of preparations against a sudden assault against Britain by Hitler?

Where's That Man!

That leads to another question: Where is Hitler?

His last public speech was after the Greek campaign.

It was Goering who played spokesman after Crete. Next, Goebbels *read* the Fuehrer's proclamation before the Russian campaign started.

Then we were told of Goering and Hitler's quarrel. Lastly came word that Hitler had gone to the East.

The rest is silence.

Pact of Peace

We must still be vigilant, lest he turns westwards in desperation at his poor showing in the East.

Not the least of the advantages gained there by the Allies is the pact between the Soviet Union and Poland.

It is more than a useful war measure. It is an essential and fundamental preparation for framing a just and stable peace in Europe.

Let us pay tribute to the wisdom of Russian and Polish statesmen in sinking their age-old differences!

Organise to Win

But to get that peace at which they aim—to get Victory at the earliest possible moment—Britain must fight the war with greater intensity.

We can do so only if the incredible mess and muddle outlined here are swept away.

We all know we can do better, given better *organisation*. Let us be given the means to finish the job!

(Continued overleaf)

JAILED MOTHER OF SIX

● **Last week we commented on the £10 fine imposed on Lady Rachel Stuart for having possession of R.A.F. petrol.**

This week we have something to say about a very different case.

Mrs. Wotton, of Dagenham, is very poor.

Her husband is a soldier in Malta. Apart from a few shillings earned by her eldest girl, she has only an Army allowance of £2 15s. a week to keep herself and six children, the youngest of whom is two years old.

One of the children stole some money. In a moment of weakness, Mrs. Wotton kept it.

She said: "I know I should have returned it. But I wanted it so badly."

No excuse, of course. She deserved punishment.

But, as it was her first offence, she might have been bound over. Instead, the Stratford magistrates sent her to jail for a month.

JOHN BULL declares that she should be released from prison at once to look after her young children.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

NOT yet, obviously, have body-snatching doctors acquired either sense or compassion.

One young man was in hospital for nine months with tuberculosis of the spine. He has also suffered from pleurisy and colitis; six uncles and an aunt had died from tuberculosis.

He was still attending a T.B. clinic when a medical board passed him Grade I for Army service. Yes, Grade I.

In Khaki Still

Called up, he soon proved a liability to the Army.

Now he has left hospital after a six months' stay, which included two operations for hernia. But there is no word that he is to be discharged from military service.

Blunderheads

This case, nearly as bad as the worst we have exposed, should provide material for critical M.P.s.

It should also persuade them to accept JOHN BULL'S view that doctors who pass unfit men for service disgrace their profession and should be sacked from the medical boards.

Prefects Only!

Though it's easy for an unfit man to get into khaki, it isn't easy for fit men to get into light blue.

R.A.F. selection boards not only ask a would-be officer if he went to a public school. They now want to know if he was made a prefect.

What a fag.

Old School Pond

One applicant for an R.A.F. commission, asked if he had been to a public school, had to strain his imagination somewhat to answer "Yes."

The selection board, given its name, had never heard of it.

There was an uncomfortable pause. Then someone asked: "Did it have a swimming-pool?"

Passed Unanimously

The applicant was able to give an unhesitating affirmative. And he was passed.

He didn't tell the selectors that the "school swimming-pool" was a 12-ft. affair made by the boys themselves.

Vain Journey

Do selection boards read official R.A.F. advertisements?

One bunch of lads, volunteering for the R.A.F., passed their medical tests. After two months they were summoned to a distant R.A.F. station for attestation.

On the second day there they were told they couldn't be accepted as they were in reserved occupations.

Vital War Work!

Next ingredients in our All-Services dish are two Army tit-bits:

Youth of nineteen has been granted exemption from Army service because he plays the piano at concerts for the troops.

His performances take an hour an evening. His salary, £4 10s. a week.

Soldiers who lost their equipment in battle have suffered deductions from pay to cover the cost of replacement.

This is absolutely against Army law.

Cases brought to light are being promptly investigated by the War Office.

Land Logged

No complaints about the Navy. But that fine Service is still being baulked.

G.P.O. telephonist, formerly in the Navy for eight years as a signaller, was called-up with his age-group and marked down for the Army.

All his attempts to exercise his right of preference for the Navy were ignored.

Director of Naval Recruiting, please note.

Pension Refused

Now for Civil Defence. A London woman lost her husband in the last war; her son, an A.F.S. man, was killed last May.

She has been refused pension in respect of her son because she draws a pension for her husband's death and has two children at work.

Surely there should be no niggardly means test for dependants of the men who brought us through our most perilous hour?

What He Forgot

Mr. Morrison recognises the magnificent work of A.F.S. men by granting them a free travel voucher, which will be a boon to those whose families are evacuated.

Snag of the scheme is that some A.F.S. men are getting their fortnight's holiday in two separate weeks. They, obviously, should have two vouchers.

Profitable

Britain could afford it.

Officialdom still has plenty of money to burn, seemingly.

A manufacturer agreed to adapt his plant to make an aero accessory, which he could he knew profitably produce for 7s. 6d. each.

Officialdom offered him £1 each. To make sure of getting the contract he reduced the price to 15s.—and has been paid at that rate for two years.

Exorbitant

Recent advertisement in JOHN BULL for a brand of toilet-roll gave the retail price as "not more than 5½d."

One reader was asked 1s. 3d. for that brand by her local chemist.

Yet margins for both retailer and wholesaler on the 5½d. selling price were approved by the Central Price Committee. To charge 1s. 3d. is therefore fantastic, as the manufacturers assure us.

You can protect them, and yourself, by reporting any such profiteering to your local Price Committee.

Tangled Red Tape

Government official moved to a house two doors away from his old one. Because of this change of address he was told he must send his identity card to the local Food Office before he could get a new ration book.

But, as his identity card serves as a pass, he is unable to part with it.

Folly and Fuss

He cannot take it personally because the Food Office closes before he finishes work.

So; as that fussy little Food Officer is adamant, he must either take a day off from a Government office or starve.

Outcasts

Notice in one food shop is typical of many brought to our attention:

"We regret there are only sufficient supplies of tomatoes for Ascot residents, not for evacuees."

Evacuation is a necessary part of Government policy. To impose needless difficulties on evacuees is not merely anti-Government, but anti-social.

Coloured Petrol

Isolated but more unfortunate difficulty is a reader's dilemma that we commend to the attention of High Authority:

One after another, motorists were fined by a North Country court for illegal possession of War Office petrol. They could offer no defence.

Then our reader appeared. He submitted a letter from the garage that had supplied him with the petrol.

It stated that the Petroleum Board had supplied a consignment of petrol coloured similar to that used by the War Office. The whole consignment was sold to the public in good faith.

Sacked

Nevertheless, our reader was convicted. As a result, he has been dismissed from an ordnance factory, despite his excellent testimonials.

His complaint evidently calls for investigation.

Wangling

Very different are allegations of "wangling"—or, less politely, fraud—to enable additional supplies of petrol to be obtained.

One firm, we are informed, obtains extra rations on the plea of staff attending the repair shop sixty miles away.

Actually, the repair shop adjoins the main works.

Fictitious

Same firm claims that it sends a cashier home by car, but has never yet done so.

We need hardly add that we are bringing these allegations to Authority's notice.

Nazi Gospel

But we hope Authority won't be perturbed by the clamour over a book written by a Nazi airman in a Canadian prison camp.

The writer describes his glee at machine-gunning French women and children, his indignant amazement that Britain hasn't surrendered.

Critics say the book should not have been published.

Telling the World

JOHN BULL criticises the critics. The cold malice of the Nazi mind cannot be revealed too clearly, too often.

There are still people in many lands who do not realise the full horror that Britain and our Allies are fighting.

They can best be educated by the Nazis themselves.

Shocks

The Nazis are certainly being educated. They are at last learning the unpleasantness of war—thanks largely to several new British devices and tactics.

When the history of 1941 can be written, it will be found that we have easily surpassed Teuton ingenuity

Behind the News

● **Darlan's plot to steal French warships that escaped from Syria and hand them over to the Nazis has been frustrated. He ordered skeleton crews, left on board when the ships were interned in Turkey, to work them out at night and make for Greek waters, where "protection" awaited them.**

● *Fear and anger against Nazis are growing in Bulgaria. People suspect they are being mobilised only for cannon-fodder screens when Hitler attacks Turkey.*

● Raschid Ali is paying the penalty of his failure. Nazis have inveigled him into Germany, and unless he can persuade them that he can stage a successful comeback, this will probably be the last heard of him.

● **At other end of Europe, Quisling has been warned that unless he smothers increasing anti-Nazi activities he will have to go to a concentration camp.**

● *Discount stories of Nazi withdrawal from Libya. Rommel has been told that, though he cannot expect reinforcements, he must hold on as long as possible.*

● Nazi High Command has even asked Vichy for North African "retreat facilities" for Libyan Germans if this becomes necessary. Weygand has refused, but is being tempted by offer of big release of arms immobilised under French armistice terms.

● **Nazi-Fascist armistice commissions in North Africa are also distinctly nervous. They are ready to bolt to Europe like their Syrian colleagues.**

● *Nazi secrets to attack Russia by gas were revealed by von Papen in his efforts to secure Anglo-German combination as late as the day before Hitler marched into the Soviet.*

● Another von Papen brick: He has paid out more than **£4,000,000** for propaganda to stir up anti-British sentiment in the Middle East. British prestige never stood higher than it does to-day.

● **Now Germany is relying on Grobba and his wife, chief Nazi agents in Iran and Iraq. But local governments have given them a hint to go home.**

● *Latest German swindle is forgery of banknotes of neutral countries. Counter-action has brought in most of the Nazis operating the swindle abroad.*

● Rumanians are refusing to fight beyond their old Bessarabian borders. To force them to continue, Nazis threaten to give all Transylvania to the Hungarians.

● **Hitler and his naval chiefs would give millions to learn the actual circumstances of recent U-boat sinkings. Their anxiety should develop into alarm before long.**

STOP WASTING MAN-POWER!

DURING the next twelve months an additional three million men and women will register for national service, but it is one thing to release man-power and another to absorb it usefully.

Much of this power is running to waste even now when the Services and the war industries are clamouring for recruits.

Mr. G. H. Ince, the new Director-General of Man-Power at the Ministry of Labour, shows signs of tackling a big job in a big way. He will have many hard nuts to crack, and none harder than some of those which are surmounted by Brass Hats.

There is appalling evidence that the attitude of many Service Chiefs to the man-power problem is that of the greedy child confronted by a large cake. The child says: "Gimme!" and grabs the biggest slice he can reach.

Without Fear or Favour

★

By THE EDITOR

Obviously the Navy, the Army and the Air Force must be given the reinforcements which the Government and the High Command think necessary.

This does not mean, however, that they have a priority claim to every fit man, for the army of industry must also be maintained at full strength.

WHAT THIS COUNTRY LACKS IS A RELIABLE METER FOR THE NATION'S MAN-POWER. WE WANT TO KNOW NOT ONLY WHAT WE ARE USING, BUT *HOW* WE ARE USING IT.

It is estimated, for instance, that 25,000 miners are serving with the Colours. Some 50,000 more have been absorbed in other industries. And another coal famine is imminent!

Nothing can persuade the Brass Hats that the miners in uniform would be more useful to the country if they went back to the pits. Nothing can persuade us to the contrary.

JOHN BULL has cited case after case of men called from useful civilian work to the Colours and left to do "next to nowt."

Commanding officers of a certain type will not even take the trouble to fill service vacancies with the skilled labour that has been withdrawn so wastefully from industry. That is why many highly trained men are doing squad drill or wasting their time as batmen or clerks.

Others, as we pointed out only last week, are trained first for one thing and then for another. No sooner are they qualified for one job, than some "Blimp" says: "As you were!" and back they go to their old unit.

This lack of imagination and practical common sense *inside* the Services has an important bearing upon the whole question of making the best use of national man-power.

In this question, as in that of production, there has been no co-ordination of effort; no comprehensive and objective national plan.

Government Departments are wrestling for as much man-power as they can beg, borrow or steal, with little, if any, regard for "the other fellow's" needs.

Nor can we see any hope of checking the wastage which results from this wild scramble until a clear-cut, comprehensive plan is adopted and adhered to. Mr. Ince, to succeed, must make himself the meter for man-power.

Now that the T.U.C. is to have stronger representation on the Man-Power Committee at the Ministry of Labour, there seems to be a better chance of his doing this, because the trade unions must know which industries require men and women and girls most urgently in order to produce what the Government wants.

It is true that the T.U.C. representatives are no more infallible than those of any other authority or sectional interest. No doubt, they, too, are tinged with selfishness.

But at least they are well informed. They share Mr. Bevin's determination to see this war through to victory, even at the cost of their pet prejudices.

They are *not* out to obstruct the Government. They mean to help, but, quite rightly, they reserve the right to criticise and advise.

Ernest Bevin, the skilful Cabinet Minister who is proud of having started life as an unskilled labourer, will have to back Ince to the limit if the pair of them really mean not only to recruit man-power but also to use it to its utmost potential capacity.

BOTH WILL BE TUGGED AT BY BIG INFLUENCES AND VESTED INTERESTS. BOTH MUST CLAMP DOWN ON BLANKET DEMANDS BY THE SERVICE CHIEFS OR THIS OR THAT GOVERNMENT DEPARTMENT.

Their job is not only to produce power, but to distribute it economically.

The Premier has recently replied to—although it cannot be said that he has fully answered—the Government's critics on production.

He gave a reassuring picture of the national effort. He said enough to convince the public—and even to convince us—that we have made immense strides since the glorious disaster at Dunkirk.

But JOHN BULL has never doubted that we should *eventually* defeat the Nazis. Our concern has always been to see that victory is gained without a day's unnecessary delay.

Therefore, both in regard to production and man-power, we take little account of relative statistics; we are not satisfied to know that we have improved on the figures for the last war or on those for last year.

We want the hundred per cent. use of all our national resources as soon as possible.

Nothing approaching this maximum efficiency has yet been achieved. Very large numbers of fit men, who would make first-class sailors, soldiers and airmen, are still engaged in non-essential civilian occupations.

Months ago we pointed this out, and urged the need for a drastic comb-out of reserved labour. Repeatedly we have been promised that this comb-out would take place.

HERE and there little spurts have been made. Reserved age limits have been revised from time to time, and often—as in the case of builders—with shocking lack of foresight and the need for hasty second thoughts.

BUT NO HONEST AND DRASTIC COMB-OUT HAS EVER TAKEN PLACE. EVERYONE YOU MEET KNOWS OF INSTANCES AT FIRST HAND OF THOROUGHLY FIT MEN AND WOMEN BEING RETAINED IN EMPLOYMENT ALTHOUGH THEY COULD EASILY BE REPLACED.

And it is not only the Services that need these A 1 recruits. The factories are hungry for them, and war industries of all kinds are continually being fobbed off with the second best.

Officials at Labour Exchanges are frequently to blame for wastage of this kind. We know, to mention a recent case, of an aircraft inspector who has been unemployed for several weeks.

This man was refused permission to accept proffered employment by a private firm because, they said, he would be wanted for priority work.

He didn't grumble at that, but he does grumble at weeks of idleness during which he has not even received his "dole!"

IF THIS WERE AN ISOLATED INSTANCE OF WASTED MAN-POWER IT WOULD BE OF SMALL IMPORTANCE. BUT IT IS NOT ISOLATED. WE DARE TO ASSERT THAT THOUSANDS OF SKILLED WORKERS ARE BEING SHELVED IN THE SAME WAY.

The Exchange officials are responsible for finding out what work unemployed people are best fitted to do and their main duty is to put the right man into the right job.

Unfortunately, some of these officials are just plain stupid, and others are too high and mighty to take pains.

WOMAN-POWER, which is now becoming nearly as important as man-power, is being mishandled and wasted in much the same way.

Actually, all women filling men's jobs *should* be releasing fit recruits to the Services or to the war industries. If they don't do that it were better not to call them up.

But we know of cases where men have been thrown on to the industrial scrap heap because women are now doing their work, and no fresh employment has been provided for the displaced men themselves.

Again, it is common knowledge that, in some factories at all events, there is far more labour available than can be fully used.

This applies to all war workers in general.

WE RECOGNISE THE NEED FOR CURTAILING AND, IN SOME CASES, EVEN SUPPRESSING, PRIVATE ENTERPRISES. BUT WE SHALL NEVER ADMIT THE GOOD SENSE OF THROWING ANY WORKER OUT OF A JOB UNLESS AND UNTIL HE OR SHE CAN BE ASSURED OF INSTANT RE-EMPLOYMENT IN SOME VITAL WAR INDUSTRY.

That is the crux of the man-power problem. We do not lack the willing labour of millions of men and women ready to meet the nation's needs, whatever they may be.

The power is there, flowing like Niagara, immense in its potentialities. All we ask of Mr. Bevin and Mr. Ince and of the Government is to direct it into the right channels and to harness it to the shafts of early victory.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

It's Still True

● **Despite all the evidence that stares them in the face, people are still inclined to be sceptical when they are told that their minds are more powerful than their bodies; they are a bit doubtful when you assure them that they can do whatever they really believe they can—just that, and no more.**

Yet it's still true.

If the sceptics would only try, they'd soon cease to be sceptics.

Just consider: If Blondin had doubted his ability to walk on a tight-rope across Niagara Falls, do you think he could have done it?

Let us take some reverse instances: You do not have to have an injury to the optic nerve to go blind; you do not have to cut your auditory nerve to go deaf; you do not have to suffer some physical injury to be unable to walk.

Medical science is full of cases of people who have suffered these disabilities merely because they have *thought* they have suffered from them.

Therefore, if that is true, the reverse is also true; and you can prove it to yourself whenever you wish.

When next you have some difficult or some disagreeable task to do, start by persuading yourself that it is easy and agreeable. Make yourself believe it—and you'll be surprised at the ease with which you'll do it!

OPEN LETTERS

FIELD-MARSHAL GOERING
Now Lying Low

FALLEN SIR.—Exactly a year has passed since you threw your massive weight against this trim little island.

To-day, therefore, you should be meditating on the bitter past, the ominous present, and the disastrous future.

On Thursday, August 8, 1940, your "unbeatable" *Luftwaffe* soared over the English Channel.

The Battle of Britain had begun.

And it began with a heavy jolt to your swollen might. In that first preliminary attack, 60 of your planes were shot into the sea.

On Sunday, 200 bombers and fighters were flung against Portland and Weymouth. Sixty-seven of them were flung to their doom.

Within a week we were bringing down 180 a day. Within a month, we were heavily raiding Germany—that Germany on which you had boasted not one bomb would ever fall.

You lost the Battle of Britain. You lost the Battle of London. Your frenzied attacks on provincial cities could not panic us into shameful surrender.

The English Channel remained English. And now the R.A.F. is asserting its mastery over Northern France, is invading Germany by day as by night.

Your docks are being crumbled into ruins, your war factories laid waste.

Do they not show you the shape of things to come?

I will not ask you to look a year ahead. Think only of the autumn, with its longer nights and a still greater R.A.F.

Then you will see such bombing as your wildest nightmare never depicted. You will see your reckless *Luftwaffe* powerless against our bigger bombers and Better Bombs.

You know already that this is no idle boast.

Indeed, it is said that you are already suffering for your under-estimate of our strength. It is even said that you are in a mental hospital.

I will not believe such reports until they can be verified. I am wary of Nazi tricks and rumours.

But at least I shall not be surprised if you end up in a mental home. For the wings of your vaunted "air supremacy" have been broken, and you and your dupes are diving towards disaster.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. D. MARCESSON, M.P.,
Minister of War

DEAR SIR,—If you cannot restrain your "military spokesman" from talking irritating nonsense, sack him and find another.

His latest idiocy was to remark that Japanese movements in Indo-China were not regarded as a military threat to Singapore.

Next day, Mr. Eden said just the reverse.

So, trying to save his face, the official apologist muttered that those moves "didn't bring Japanese forces any nearer Singapore *by land*."

That feeble fatuity is in keeping with official utterances in the past.

It's bad enough that your spokesmen should make fools of themselves. It's worse that they should try to fool the public.—JOHN BULL.

PUBLIC ASSISTANCE OFFICER,
Lewes

DEAR SIR.—In your advertisement for a clerk, male or female, the salary offered is £58 a year, plus 10 per cent. bonus—say, 24s. a week.

A year's appointment is offered. By the end of a year, I suppose, the unfortunate clerk would be too starved to be of further use to you?—JOHN BULL.

Capt. H. BALFOUR, M.P.,
Under-Secretary, Air Ministry

DEAR SIR.—A civilian fitter in an R.A.F. maintenance unit complains: "In five months I have not done more than five days' honest work because there hasn't been any work."

Yet he has been refused permission to transfer to works where men are urgently needed.

Can you make sense of it? I can't.—JOHN BULL.

Brig.-General R. J. KENTISH,
Park Lane, London, W.

DEAR GENERAL.—Most people, I am sure, will warmly approve your suggestion for a 1939 Star and ribbon—to be issued to all in the Fighting Forces and Civil Defence Services who have been serving Britain since the early days of the war.

I know how the Old Contemptibles prize the 1914 Star.—JOHN BULL.

The BOARD,
West Riding Mental Hospital

GENTLEMEN,—So your head gardener has been sacked at a minute's notice. Was it because, after his working hours, he helped other people to grow food?

And, if so, are your petty regulations to be considered more important than the Government's "Dig for Victory" campaign?—JOHN BULL.

Mr. DUNCAN SANDYS, M.P.,
Financial Secretary, War Office

DEAR SIR.—A discontented man doesn't make a good soldier. You've said so yourself.

Let me tell you of a man who will become a really bad soldier unless the Army gives him a better deal.

He was released from the Pioneer Corps to help rebuild Coventry and returned to his regiment twelve weeks ago.

Since his recall, his wife has not received a penny from the Army. Yet his allotment has been stopped from his pay just the same.

The poor woman has developed tuberculosis and is in a sanatorium. Their baby son is in hospital with bronchitis.

They have lost their home.

The soldier, sending his 10s. a week home, cannot even buy himself a cigarette. He asks bitterly how he can keep his wife on 10s. a week when she leaves the sanatorium.

Do you wonder he is becoming desperate? Do you marvel that he is so disgusted that he has refused promotion?

Yet this case of pay muddle is little worse than scores I have revealed.

There is something wrong, very wrong, with many Army pay offices.

I urge you to give the whole system your careful and immediate attention.—JOHN BULL.

Wing-Commander E. J. HODSOLL,
Inspector-General, A.R.P.

DEAR SIR,—Your chief, Mr. Morrison, has warned A.R.P. services to keep on their toes. Rightly, because we can't afford to take chances.

Yet in one London borough the A.R.P. lorries that should be standing by are used during the day to move furniture.

Better keep them at their stations.—JOHN BULL.

Major C. LLOYD GEORGE, M.P.,
Ministry of Food

DEAR SIR,—At Brixham the other day tons of fine-quality whiting averaged 10½d. per stone. Thus the fisherman received less for a stone than the housewife had to pay for a pound.

"A glut" was given as the explanation.

But if there were better distribution any glut could easily be absorbed without victimising the fisherman and enriching the middleman.

That business of organising sensible distribution should be your job.—JOHN BULL.

Councillor Rev. H. ISELIN,
Rayleigh, Essex

DEAR SIR,—Though you have failed to get sanction for Sunday tennis at the local playing-field, your efforts earn my thanks.

The Church or local authority has no special right to dictate how the public should spend Sunday, which is the only leisure time available for many war workers.

Were more parsons to view the Sabbath controversy with your commonsense, fewer would preach to rows of empty pews.—JOHN BULL.

LORD REITH,
Minister of Works

MY LORD,—A clerk of works at a new ordnance factory in the West Country has resigned.

He was disgusted with the way the contractors were skimping the job and ignoring the Ministry's specifications. But a higher official refused to intervene.

I'm sure you will do so.—JOHN BULL.

Sir FRANCIS SHELMERDINE,
Director-Gen. of Civil Aviation

DEAR SIR,—An air line runs a passenger service from England to the Isle of Man every day.

The planes are small and slow, no lifebelts are carried and no parachutes. True, there are places for lifebelts under the chairs—but these are empty.

Is there a lifebelt and parachute shortage?—JOHN BULL.

ARGUE IT OUT — By PALLAS

Treasure Worship

THE merchant ship was aflame. The fires licking her cabins and woodwork were the result of a torpedo which had been loosed by a skulking U-boat.

One officer—he's a young man and he told me the story—dashed below to retrieve a cigarette-case that was dear to him. But, believe it or not, he found one of the wireless operators *asleep*. Instead of getting his case he roused the sleeper and rushed back on deck with him.

They were taking to the boats when they saw one of the crew run below. They called to him to come back, and the words they used were too impolite to be published here.

After seconds, which seemed like hours, with the flames crackling and the ship settling to her doom, the man came back. In his hand he grasped a packet of tea—a 1-lb. packet.

"Couldn't let that go down," he said briefly as he took his place in the boat.

★ ★ ★

Those men were rescued. The man got his tea home. Another member of the crew had brought back his Bible.

When my officer friend had finished his story I pondered on the peculiar reactions of various men when their possessions are in danger.

I wondered what I would have tried to save had I been in that ill-fated ship. Perhaps I would have been so concerned about saving my skin that I would not have bothered about any personal possessions.

Yet men and women give up their lives when they might save them. Those are the salt of the earth. Their heroism has its roots in pure unselfishness.

Into many a bombed and blazing house have gone the rescue workers during and after a blitz. Others might be concerned about their own homes, their own property, but men and women on the civil defence front have shown times out of number how the true humanity works in those hours of peril.

★ ★ ★

Not all of us have in us the stuff of which heroes are made.

Perhaps the sight of treasured possessions in danger would awaken in some of us a determination to save those possessions. I know men and women who would face almost any peril rather than lose jewels or clothes or books or pictures.

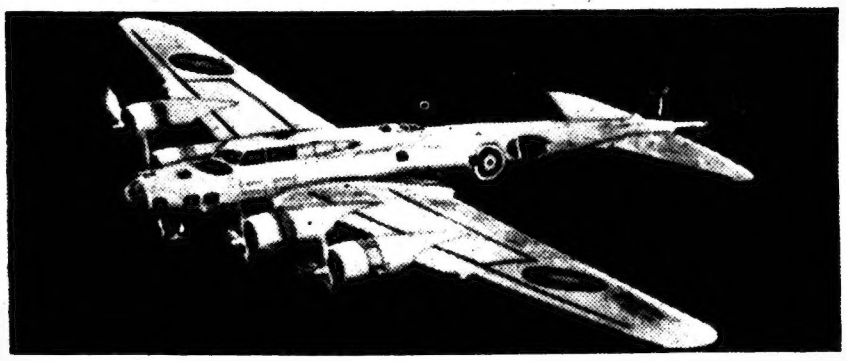
Those possessions may represent years of patient collecting, years of stinting, years of search. And probably life without those things would be dull to the owners.

Some people live in their possessions, are obsessed by their nearness, eye them with a pleasure which is almost adoration.

I have never cared for such people. I have never been able to understand how their lives could be governed by inanimate things, although I confess that my books are very dear to me.

But as for running about a burning, sinking ship to save a packet of tea from a watery grave—well, that's sheer stupidity, and I'll have none of it.

Attacks from the stratosphere are the latest blows which the R.A.F. are dealing out to the Nazis. Here a bomb-aimer takes you with him on one of these thrilling raids over enemy country in a "Flying Fortress"



Nerve-War from Seven Miles Up

OH, boy, the cold's the limit up here in the stratosphere.

Imagine it . . . 101 degrees of frost Fahrenheit at 36,000 ft. or over, for even if our Flying Fortress goes any higher it can't get any colder.

The summer heat-wave sweat that beaded my face and soaked my kit when I left the ground is now frozen stiff. It feels as if I'm caked in plaster of paris.

I'm in a frost-proof rig-out, and the gunners in the big kite's extremities where it is coldest are encased in electrically heated suits. Even so, the icy air seeps through everything, metal and cloth alike.

My heavily gloved fingers are numbed and painful as, lying on my stomach on the floor of the nose of the Fortress, I look at the bomb-sight that they will soon have to manipulate.

The rarefied atmosphere seven miles or so up is another problem. All my training in the oxygen pressure chamber back at our base and the oxygen I am now breathing alone makes possible endurance against the stratosphere's effects.

In the upper air the atmospheric pressure decreases. There is the same amount of oxygen in the air as in the air down below but not enough pressure to force it into the blood-stream from the lungs.

The blood-flow slows up, I'm told, and fails to reach the skin at the extremities or where there is any superfluous fat.

Aches and Pains

At moments my stomach and teeth ache, and there's a queer tingling feeling just below my knees and in my ankles.

My legs and arms feel a trifle weak, their movements are not perfectly under control, and a considerable dose of will-power is needed to help conquer these muscular failings.

My head is "light," just as if I'm in the first pleasant stage of alcoholic inebriation. Later on I'll probably feel irritable, if for a moment I allow myself to think about my sensations before the job is done.

Every airman has experienced this "drunk" sensation when flying even in the lower oxygen altitudes. In the stratosphere the effect is greatly magnified.

We are all warned to be on guard against it. It tends to over-confidence and a loss of the sense of time.

I am conscious of breathing more slowly—to save even the exertion of breathing!

But every one of these sensations I and the rest of our picked crew have become accustomed to by ground training in the oxygen pressure chamber in which the effects of such a stratosphere trip as this are reproduced and overcome.

Fit as we are in the R.A.F., fewer than one in five of us is fit enough for this job of delivering the first heavy bomb blows from the stratosphere on the Hun, and giving him back his nerve-war with interest!

The bolt from the blue is now the bomb from the blue, and the day "sweep" gains a still grimmer reality with the introduction of our 22-ton "ghost" planes.

"Beautiful Bombs"

In broad daylight we were speeding towards our objective, a great city of Germany, at over 300 m.p.h. with a load of five to seven tons of "big and beautiful" bombs—and the Hun can neither see nor hear us till the first warning comes as our screaming high explosive hurtles down.

Invisible terror-stalks Goering's "invincible" German skies.

Eight of us are doing the stalking in our stratosphere Fortress. The forward gunner sits perched high up ahead of me. The captain and his second pilot are behind me, and the wireless operator is behind them. To the rear are three more gunners.

The combined fire-power of all these guns is terrific, and they are so placed that the Fortress has no appreciable "blind spots."

The boys behind the guns have their eyes skimmed the whole time for Jerry's stratosphere fighters, the M.E.109Fs and the Heinkel 113s that are fitted for high-altitude interception.

They are—as no effective "ack-ack" fire can reach us—the only defenders we are likely to meet, and I don't give a damn for their chances.

Except by luck and accident, the first they hear of us is a whistle and an explosion. But by the time they climb to the spot from which the thing possibly came, we are scores of miles away on our homeward journey.

Tough for the Fighters

It's our nerve-war this time. We've got into the stratosphere first with the Fortress, and the enemy's high-flying fighters are giving us boys no "nerves."

He may send up stratosphere patrols, but how long can they stay up there? Can they keep it up twenty-four hours of the day and night? How good is their chance of being at the right spot at the right time to intercept something they can't see or hear?

As we boys figure it out, we're letting him do the worrying till such time as he copies us with a stratosphere bomber.

When he does our top-storey Spitfires will have a tougher job than we do in our Fortresses. They have already been operating at 37,000 ft., with 40,000 in prospect.

It's no fun being a lone-wolf up top. We hand it to them. In comparison, ours is a family party, plenty big enough to get our minds off the ice and the oxygen!

Our 22-ton accommodation is so generous that we can stretch our numbed limbs, and if necessary change positions in comfort. Any company's welcome in these weird and wonderful conditions of the stratosphere.

As I look through my observation window the highest cirrus clouds are many thousands of feet below. The air is as clear as crystal and we seem to be flying through a great blue ball of space, tinged with violet.

Incredibly far below, the markings of the countryside are as miniature as those on a map. Individual houses are not distinguishable, but I can clearly observe the sunlight reflected on their windows and on patches of water.

And, far in the distance, is the shimmering loop of a river that is a key-mark indicating our target. I shall let go my bombs miles from it—even when flying at normal speed at as low as 20,000 ft. bombs are released two and a half miles away.

As the Hun city comes into view, looking at first no bigger than my hand, and with the target coming into my bomb-sight, I find myself doing the ordinary thing of this extraordinary trip.

"Bomb doors open," I shout down the inter-com. to the captain. "Right—right—steady—left—steady—" Then, breathless pause, as with my numbed fingers I release my stuff. "Bombs gone!"

I watch the cascade of high explosive go, vanish from view, as we speed straight towards the target to observe the result as closely as possible and take a photographic record.

Photography is possible even at these heights. Where 101 degrees of frost would play strange tricks with ordinary cameras, ours are specially equipped to withstand such conditions and good results are obtainable.

It seems an interminable time before one of the rear gunners and myself shout together down the inter-com., "One, two, three, four, five," I count; and he says, "Plumb across the target."

Even from this height the orange-red flashes are brilliant and massive in proportion to the miniature scene.

"About a mile across," rags the second pilot. "The matches that struck that bunch must have been made in Krupp's itself," chirps in the wireless operator.

"Ghost" Raid

Later we are to discover from our photographs that two at least of the five are near misses, only about a hundred yards out, and with a fraction more luck would have given us a direct hit.

With a kite as steady as the Fortress and a bomb-sight as good as America's famous Sperry, precision bombing is possible from these great heights against the right target.

It would be impossible to miss anything as big as Krupp's, or some of the larger Berlin objectives in daylight and clear weather and without interference from "ack-ack" or fighter attacks.

As the pilot turns the Fortress' nose and heads for home and the excitement dies down, I suddenly realise that we have not seen the burst of a solitary enemy shell. Our "ghost" raid has left his gunners guessing.

As we cross the French coast thick haze hangs over the Channel, but London lies clear in the distance. The range of our stratosphere eyesight is good for anything up to 150 miles.

The Flying Fortress' controls don't freeze up in 101 degrees of frost. Its petrol-tank piping survives the air-bubble danger in extreme low temperatures.

Its ceiling takes us to the highest operational altitudes yet attained by bombers, and puts us on top of the Hun in the newest phase of the air's nerve-war.

"Give us the tools," said Mr. Churchill.

We boys in the Fortresses feel we are in one of them.

STEPPING OUT INTO SPACE

THE aircraft staggered in its tracks.

Simultaneously, as though from a long way off, came the captain's voice: "Prepare to abandon aircraft!"

A magnesium-loaded bulb flashed in the rear turret. The rear-gunner acknowledged it over the radio-telephone, and tensed himself for the final command. Off with the flying helmet. Must not be caught by the inter-communication lines. Now pull the parachute round and hook it on the chest.

It seemed an age since he last had word from the captain. Had he decided to stick on, or . . .

Then that voice again, even, assured:—

"Abandon aircraft! . . . Ready . . . Ready . . . Go!"

Up with the escape hatch. Hands a little damp in the palms. . . . A giant force tearing at him. . . . Sudden feeling of being squeezed down to a meaningless pin-point. . . .

★ ★ ★

Now, feet first with the legs straight. . . . Ah, got away safely. Curled legs or a head-first jump might have produced somersaults and tangling with the parachute lines.

One, two, three, four, *and* five! Pull the small handle people call a rip-cord. A little cloud of silk blossoms suddenly. Keep the chin well back now. When the main 'chute comes out it is liable to sock you on the jaw.

A tug at his shoulders. He looks up. His parachute has filled perfectly.

Funny, there is no sensation of falling. None whatever. The quiet after the engines is almost uncanny. . . .

Four little mushrooms splotch the sky behind him, one after another.

Good show. All safely away—wireless operator, observer, second pilot, and Jimmie, the boss. Everyone jumped in regulation order. How those Air-Ministry arch-gods would approve.

Still no sensation of falling.

★ ★ ★

A wide estuary down there. Heck! Heading straight for it. Some quick work needed on the rigging lines.

No good. Ah, well. Here goes!

Cleaving straight down into the water. Struggling instantly with the harness. Now dive out of the parachute canopy. A second rip-cord pulled and a small rubber dinghy miraculously appears. Amazing these latest devices of the inventor chaps. You pulled one rip-cord and you had a parachute. You pulled another, and the boat which had come down with you opened out. A little work with the hand-bellows, ingeniously fitted, and the raft would float for hours.

It did not take him hours to reach the shore of the estuary. He made it in minutes.

In proportion to the flights made, the number of aircraft abandoned is negligible—but every crew knows exactly what to do when the final emergency does arise.

ENTER JACKAL No. 2

Obedient to orders from the Nazis, Japan rushes into the conflict at a critical moment—just as Italy did before her. She will have equal cause to regret it

Says A. G. GARDINER

JAPAN'S extension of the battle front to the Pacific is a major landmark of the war. The total effect upon the struggle events alone will disclose; but certain conjectures may be made.

In the first place, it is better to have a declared enemy than a secret enemy.

While Hitler's jackal No. 1, Mussolini, was playing the " non-belligerent " game he was a grave danger to us and a valuable accomplice of Hitler. When he came out into the open he became a weakness to Hitler and a help to us.

And so it should be with Jackal No. 2. Under the cloak of non-belligerency Japan has been the obedient instrument of Germany ever since the war began, and especially since she joined the Axis.

Her ships have helped Germany to run the blockade. Her agents abroad have had their signals from Berlin by way of Tokyo.

The German raiders in the Pacific and Indian Ocean have been kept afloat with fuel from Japanese sources.

THIS LEAKAGE SHOULD NOW BE STOPPED. FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE THE WAR BEGAN, THE BLOCKADE SHOULD BE WATER-TIGHT.

Nothing from Russia. Hitler himself has stopped that channel. Nothing by way of the Mediterranean. Mussolini's collapse has blocked that route. Nothing from the Atlantic. And now the Pacific a " frozen " area for Japo-German activities.

The stranglehold of sea-power is complete. Hitler's prison is sealed at every gateway.

And his need of the essentials of war, especially oil, which can only be got by escape from his prison, increases with menacing urgency.

Just as Mussolini's entry into the war was timed to coincide with the collapse of France, so Japan's bombshell in Indo-China was timed, in theory, to explode with the collapse of Russia.

Russia would go down like a house of cards before the impact of Hitler's invincible war machine, and we should be too staggered by the shock to counter Japan's blow in the Pacific.

It was the same calculation that went wrong last summer. Then the knock-out of France, coupled with the entry of Italy into the war, was expected to bring Britain to her knees and the war to an end.

Now the spectacular knock-out of Russia, coupled with the bold thrust of Japan at our vitals in the Far East, would shatter our nerve and scare America into craven acceptance of the fact.

But just as the Battle of Britain upset the gamble of last summer, so the Battle of Russia has upset the gamble of this summer.

If Japan could have foreseen the astonishing power of Russia's resistance, it is pretty certain that she would have delayed her thrust towards Singapore. She would have resolved to see whether Hitler could fulfil his part of the contract before she undertook hers.

But she did not foresee it any more than Mussolini foresaw the Battle of Britain. The revelation of Russia came too late for her to draw back.

And her bombshell has had precisely the opposite effect of that it was intended to have. It has not caught us in the defeatist mood that the anticipated and instant collapse of Russia was expected to reduce us to.

Quite the contrary. It finds us more confident of victory than we have ever been. It finds us with a mighty ally with whom the double-cunning of Hitler has presented us.

It finds us on the rising tide of events in the Atlantic, in the Middle East, in the Mediterranean, and in the dominion of sea and air.

Above all, it finds us with the greatest power house in the world at our back, committed at all costs to see us through to victory.

THE immediate reply to Japan's latest act of aggression is one that bodes ill for Japan.

By common agreement Britain, the United States, and the Dutch East Indies have declared what amounts to an economic blockade of Japan.

Her assets in these countries are frozen. Her trade facilities are severely restricted. Her access to the materials with which alone she can continue to wage war is obstructed.

This action strikes at the very existence of Japan as a military nation. No country is so dependent on the outside world, and especially on America, Britain, and the Dutch East Indies, for its sources of power.

Ninety per cent. of its materials of war, oil, rubber, steel, cotton, wool, and so on are imported from the countries named. The bulk of its trade is with those countries.

Together they possess a stranglehold upon Japan's economy that, ruthlessly tightened, can paralyse her in six months.

Timoshenko Called Their Bluff

HITLER'S lightning offensive against France succeeded in five weeks, thanks to a clever and gigantic bluff.

His lightning offensive against Russia appeared after five weeks to have failed.

Because the same bluff was tried —and was called.

Soviet staff officers, young and revolutionary, and therefore sneered at by most of the international military "experts," did what the French staff officers, old and reactionary, had failed to do: they studied all recent campaigns —China, Spain, Poland.

★ ★ ★

Above all, they learned the lessons of the campaign of France. And this is what they grasped:

Nothing can prevent a powerfully mechanised enemy, massing an overwhelming armoured force on a comparatively small sector and prepared to pay the price, from breaking through any front line.

But this is not decisive.

What is much more important is to prevent the bulk of the enemy divisions from joining up afterwards with the advanced Panzer units.

Let the enemy tanks rush forward, but don't lose your nerves. Close the gap behind them!

Once they have run short of petrol and other supplies, they can be tackled much more effectively.

★ Whatever the outcome of the Nazis' Russian venture may be, their favourite trick, which has served them so well in other campaigns, has been countered by the brilliance of Russia's generalship

Last year, during the Battle of France, the Paris military spokesman, Colonel Thomas, referred to the sudden arrival of German tanks at places far ahead of the supposed front-line as merely "a dust of mechanised units."

Up to the last moment before the evacuation of Paris, Colonel Thomas stuck to his phrase: "A dust of mechanised units."

★ ★ ★

Journalists grew impatient at what they regarded as a clumsy attempt to minimise the seriousness of the situation

Colonel Thomas was right: It *was* only a "dust."

Unfortunately, within twelve or twenty-four hours, the "dust" had become a clod, and the clod a mass.

Why? Because the French Army chiefs were unable to persuade their officers that the breaking-through of a few tanks here and there was irrelevant, provided that the bulk of the following German infantry divisions were not permitted to join up.

The front-line soldier was not ordered to "stay put" and to resist.

★ ★ ★

He fled with the civil population in alarm and chaos.

A British staff officer with the R.A.F. in France has described the scene reported by British reconnaissance pilots.

They saw advanced German tanks incredibly far ahead of the bulk of their army—and nothing behind them for 30, 50 and even 70 miles!

Von Brauchitsch's Blitz-Invasion of France was a masterpiece of bluff. The German High Command tried it again in Yugoslavia against a much weaker and unprepared enemy, and once more got away with it.

It tried it again against Russia and was confident that history would repeat itself.

But this time a General Staff of tough men with iron nerves and young brain, refused to become panic-stricken.

The German tanks broke through, here and there, according to Brauchitsch's plans, though with severe losses.

But the Russians closed the gaps behind them.

Goebbels screamed: "The road to Moscow lies open before us!" "Smolensk is captured!" "The Russian armies are encircled and are being annihilated!"

Timoshenko shrugged his shoulders: "Let them shout! We shall see *who* surrounds *whom*."

The "dust of mechanised German units" *remained* in most places a dust.

Some were captured, others destroyed, others had to dig in, desperately waiting for relief.

In other sectors the German infantry succeeded at the price of terrible losses in joining up with the advanced tanks, but proved afterwards too exhausted to resume the offensive.

★ ★ ★

This is why the campaign of Russia is still only at its beginning.

It would be rash to make any definite forecasts as to its further developments.

But one fact is already clear: The time has gone when Hitler's main military trump was bluff. Timoshenko has called it.

Alexander sighed for new
Lieut.-General Hideki Tojo
of War, is no Alexander—
rigible optimist, looking for
four years of fruitless effo
gallant defen

That power should hav
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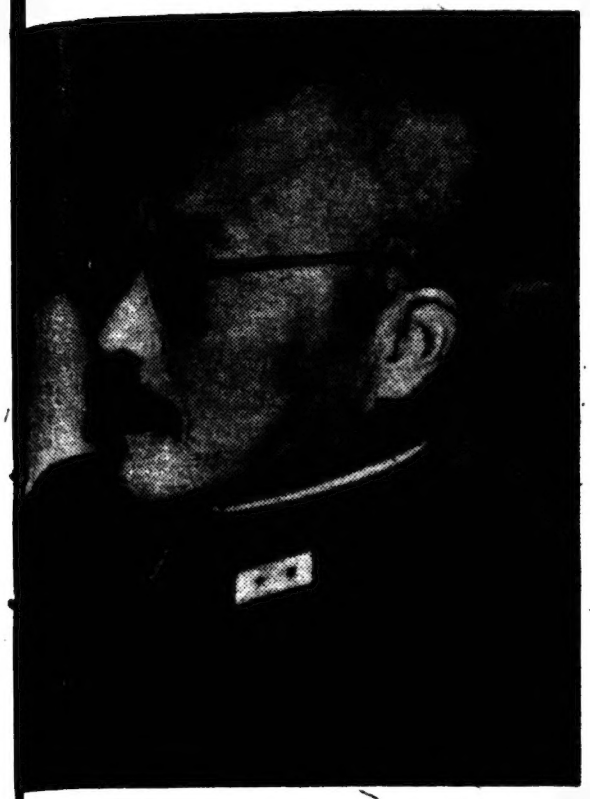
It is for Japan to



Alexander sighed for new worlds to conquer. Lieut.-General Hideki Tojo, Japan's Minister of War, is no Alexander—he's just an incorrigible optimist, looking for fresh trouble after four years of fruitless effort against China's gallant defenders

That power should have been brought into play long ago.

If that had been done when Japan first invaded Manchuria and set out to conquer China and drive out the white races from the East, there would have been no world war to-day.

It will be one of the blackest indictments of history against this country and the United States that for years they have been arming Japan for the prosecution of the most infamous and barbarous war ever waged against a defenceless people.

The case is all the blacker because we and America, together with Japan, had signed the Nine-Power Treaty which guaranteed the independence and security of China.

In spite of that shameful betrayal, which has brought such ruin upon the world, China has survived. She is unconquered and unconquerable. She stands to-day side by side with Britain, Russia, and the United States in defence of the liberties of the world.

AND now that we have at last taken the step which should have been taken so long ago, let there be no looking back, no loosening of the stranglehold, no concession to financial interests, no talk of appeasement. Japan must go the way that Italy has gone, and the way Hitler will go.

We have paid too high a price in the past in order to keep the jackals out of the orbit of the tiger, and we have always paid in vain.

The only argument that the jackals understand or respect is the argument of the big stick.

Let that be remembered, not only in our dealings with Japan, but also in our dealings with Vichy and Spain.

And let it be remembered, too, that it is we who hold the big stick now—the command of the sea, the growing command of the air, and the control of the resources of war.

It is for Japan to decide whether our economic blockade means war. She has no time to lose.

If her *coup* is to succeed she must "cash in" on it before the blockade has weakened her striking power.

In seizing Indo-China as a jumping-off ground she has two objects in view.

One is to cut off China's supplies by the Burma road and so starve her into surrender.

The other is to secure a base from which she can hope to threaten Singapore and the Dutch East Indies and win the dominion of the Pacific.

In view of the prompt and concerted action of Britain, America and the Dutch East Indies it is probable that the more ambitious programme will be deferred. In any case, we are not unprepared to meet it.

But that is not enough. We must make China's cause our own. The defence of the Burma road is vital to our ally and to us.

And the expulsion of Japan from China and Indo-China is as inflexible a part of our policy as the expulsion of Hitler from Norway, Greece, and the rest of the countries his barbarians have ravished and enslaved.

Leading detectives tell MAURICE FAGENCE that although the war has made boys naughtier, they have noticed a great improvement in the general behaviour of the public while studying

HOW CRIME HAS CHANGED

DETECTIVES are very curious people.

They magnify the good in the crooks they know and look at the rest through the wrong end of a telescope.

Whether their daily hunt is for confidence tricksters, house-breakers or smash-and-grab raiders, they always regard the specialist in the particular crime they investigate as a cut above the others.

I have even heard them praise pickpockets, that lowest, sneakiest type of crook on whom the rest of the criminal world looks with contempt.

I warn you of all this in advance because detectives have been taking me round some of the usual haunts of criminals—and for no other reason than to convince me (and, through me, you) that the war is making good boys of our law-breakers.

Forewarned, you will probably want to discount some of the "they're good sports," "they know when to play the game" talk that I have heard.

But if you should doubt the fact that this primitive and horrible business we call war has made us less horrible, less primitive, you will be making a great mistake.

Reformed—for Duration!

My tour began in a bar which is a favourite resort of confidence tricksters, but which (partly for safety, and partly out of respect for a licensee they like) they never "work."

There was one there, where there used to be a dozen.

He told my detective friend that he had given up the game—"certainly for the duration."

He has done very heroic A.R.P. work in the East End. He is one of at least a score "con. men" from that bar who have fought the fires or dug for the injured when the bombers have been over.

"Most of us think it's a bit dirty to be a drag on the community at a time like this," he said—which is believed to be true.

He and the detective spoke quite affectionately of "Slim."

"Clever. Very clever. But he would try to work the same hotel too often. . . ."

Slim, good-hearted Australian with more than a touch of the Robin Hood in him, now lies in a soldier's grave in Libya.

Scornfully the confidence man spoke of pickpockets who had evacuated themselves to the country to escape the raids. Just what pickpockets would do, he said.

The detective confirmed it.

But I was doomed, before the evening was out, to hear a detective who specialised in the detection of pickpockets defending the light-fingered gentry.

Warmly he told me of one who had done fifteen months' good service with one of the best county regiments—"and never a thing missed from any barrack room he ever slept in."

And of another who had told him: "I couldn't put my hand in the pocket of these people who are showing so much guts—straight, I couldn't."

The lowest strata of pickpocket (like the lowest strata of common, pinch-everything-within-sight thief) now concentrate on the theft of bicycles, because of their high value.

But an alarming number of these thefts are the work of young lads in need of the discipline of fathers away fighting.

Substitute for Dad?

One wonders whether society couldn't manage to find some substitute for "dad." Police-missioners try heroically, but by the time the police-court missioner is called in the damage has been done.

I went to a haunt of the house-breaking fraternity.

There is far less of that crime, and of burglary, now.

It is understandable that black-out shutters make the burglar's task more difficult. He used to rely a lot on lights to tell him whether the family were at home.

Besides, black-out shutters are an added barrier. And there is always the danger of finding you have broken into a room full of people.

But a man who looked like a bank cashier having a last drink before he went home for the night (but whose prowess as a detective has found a lot of work for Dartmoor wardens) gave me loftier reasons.

Burglars and housebreakers, he told me, are the most conservative people in the world.

The war, which has reduced their opportunities as burglars and housebreakers, has increased their opportunities as looters.

But it wasn't in their line. It lacks a spice of adventure. It's cheap. It's easy.

And so you have the remarkable fact that of the fifty cases of looting every day in London alone, during the September to November continuous blits, comparatively few were the work of professional crooks.

Most looters come from the ranks of the acquisitive, Jackdawish, itch-finger people who can't resist a fountain-pen left on an unoccupied desk, who would notice gloatingly that a fellow bus passenger was leaving her library book behind.

Raking over the wreckage of somebody's home doesn't fit in with the ideas of men who believe in big risks, big hauls.

No Bitterness Now

Besides, you have got to be something of an enemy of society to be a successful burglar, and often that enmity comes from bitterness.

And it isn't easy to be an enemy of any part of society in these brave days.

That, I was to learn from half-a-dozen sources, is the reason why our prisons were emptying rapidly until the blitzes began—excluding political prisoners, of course.

That the prisons began to fill again when the bombers appeared over our cities (they still have far fewer inmates than before the war) is due to the fact that war opens up new opportunities for law-breaking.

Food robberies, for instance.

A certain number of smash-and-grab raiders have turned to the crime of stealing lorry loads of food, cigarettes, or any other thing which, because of pronounced shortage, becomes very valuable and easy to dispose of.

They can't steal cars, because motorists immobilise them. And, without a stolen car, smash and grab is a dangerous business.

One loaded lorry theft a week, and they're on the high road to prosperity.

But one of the happiest changes in the world of crime is the reduction in crimes of violence.

In this better-living war time Britain there is, however, one real reason to despair.

Juvenile delinquency has never been bigger—and it is growing every day.

A boy needs more than anything else in life a father's control.

At a time when parental control has declined, school discipline has, too.

The Wrong Way

Then, because of the war, the State and the local authorities have had to take a greater responsibility in the care of the young.

They are great days for parents who pass on all responsibility to the local authority or anyone else who assumes it.

But it isn't a way to make good citizens. . . .

To-day, I write recording a better behaved Britain.

Does this wave of juvenile crime mean that that will be short-lived—that Britain will become as crime-ridden as in the worst days of the nineteenth century?

Not, one of my detective guides says, if something is done at once.

And he suggests, as a beginning, the tightening up of school discipline for all time, and greater encouragement of the various youth movements "until dad comes home."

CHEATING BLITZ HEROES

WHAT is wrong with the award of medals for air raid gallantry?

Very serious allegations are being made.

It is said that heroic men and women do not receive the decorations they deserve, that decorations are given to people who have not earned them.

There is disquiet, also, at the very long delays in the allocation of awards.

These complaints were first mentioned publicly by JOHN BULL.

They Won't Pull Wires!

Now a public authority—the council of a heavily bombed Welsh coastal town—has decided not to ask for decorations in recognition of the brave work of local citizens.

The general view was expressed by an alderman, who declared:

"The whole secret of the O.B.E. is to know the right wire to pull."

Stronger comment came from another member of the council.

He said: "The latest batch of decorations in this county left everybody scratching their heads.

"Everywhere people were asking, 'What are they for?'"

And the matter was clinched by a councillor who gave the names of men

● Very grave allegations are made about the award of medals for air raid heroism. The Government must answer them!

distinguished for their heroism in a heavy raid on the town, but who got no medals.

He said:

"One of our citizens is a hero among heroes.

"For hours he held up a wall with his back while a woman was being rescued. He carried the woman to hospital and was afterwards asked who it was.

"THE PERSON WHO ASKED HIM GOT THE O.B.E."

In the view of JOHN BULL these statements call for a prompt and searching official inquiry.

Especially so because similar accusations are being whispered in other parts of the country.

Medals for Late Arrivals

Strange stories are told of decorations being awarded to persons who arrived at the scene of a heroic deed after that deed had been performed.

The real heroes got nothing.

There are equally unpleasant complaints that decorations have been given to heroes' superior officers.

Now, JOHN BULL is not concerned with the truth of these allegations.

It is sufficient that they exist, that they are causing disquiet, to necessitate an authoritative statement on the subject.

When the King created the George Cross and Medal to honour members of the public for extreme bravery a Committee of Gallantry Awards for Civil Defence was set up.

Admiral of the Fleet Lord Chatfield became its chairman.

Stopping Hush-Hush Methods

He at once toured the country to break down the hush-hush attitude of petty officialdom.

He reminded them that men and women were daily performing acts of great courage in defence of their country against the violence of the enemy.

He said that those men and women expected no reward.

But, he declared, public recognition was their due.

He impressed on official departments, Regional Commissioners and local authorities the need for speed.

An excellent principle. But what happens is neither excellent nor understandable.

Usually, months elapse between the deed and the award.

No doubt many recommendations have to be sifted. Undoubtedly, they should be carefully investigated.

But the investigation should be prompt. Not more than a fortnight should elapse between bravery and its recognition.

Such Civil Defence workers have won the nation's gratitude. And some of them have won medals which they will never get!

There is, of course, no doubt of the integrity and high resolve of Lord Chatfield's committee.

But it is obvious that he and his colleagues must rely to a considerable extent on the various authorities who submit recommendations to them.

Inquiry Wanted

Large numbers of men and women have already received honours that they have more than earned.

It is intolerable that they should be disparaged by implication because of the present suspicion concerning "wire-pulling" and "wangling."

We hope the Prime Minister will himself intervene.

He who in majestic and moving language praised our everyday heroism should be the first to see that no taint of scandal is allowed to sully it

Millions of Hours are Running to Waste

LEGIONS of wives waste millions of hours weekly in the queues.

Thousands of women take time off from vital war work to get the share of foodstuff which is their right.

Police chiefs and food officials are worried by this growing problem—housewives angry.

But Lord Woolton's Ministry seems either oblivious or unwilling to tackle it.

Typical is the silly comment of a high Ministry of Food official.

"Well, many people seem to like queueing," said this dim-witted functionary.

The plain fact is that unless these officials get down to the problem of abolishing the queues, the queues will abolish them.

A slapdash method of dealing with the problem is being adopted at Kettering, Harrogate, and other provincial towns, where the police are threatening to prosecute people who queue, on the grounds of obstruction of the highways.

That, I think, solves nothing.

Housewives are *the victims* of queues.

To prosecute them for obstruction would be the last straw.

★ ★ ★

Let Lord Woolton speak for a few minutes with Mrs. Brown, of Brixton, Mrs. Smith, of Salford, or Mrs. Jones, of Cardiff.

They will say plainly that women who *don't* line up for hours would not get sufficient food for their families.

Investigations show that queues arise mainly from lack of organisation in face of shortage of supplies.

But there are other angles.

I am the last person in the world to blame the average shopkeeper, who is a man of many worries in these days.

But some have become little dictators, who use queueing out of showmanship.

Sometimes a woman may have to join four or five different queues at the same shop to get supplies of food for her family. She may find half an hour's wait unrewarded because supplies have given out just before her turn is reached.

At many greengrocers they are told dictatorily: "You can only have potatoes now. Come back at two o'clock for peas, and five o'clock for cabbage."

★ ★ ★

No good protesting that the goods are already there.

The shopkeeper is usually unmoved until trouble starts, as it did in a South London suburb the other day, when the customers got out of hand and started to serve themselves.

The Food Ministry must adopt either a system of rationing for *all* foodstuffs, or a more widespread system of registration, if this evil is to be abolished.

It is up to you, Lord Woolton.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

MR. R. E. SMITH, 78, Somerset Road, Edmonton, N.18, has been awarded this week's £1 1s. for information on a matter of vital national importance.

Please send letters on any subject calling for investigation. Mark envelopes: "Public Benefactor."

Sir Wyndham Childs' Page

THEY DEAL IN BROKEN HEARTS

BIGAMY brings misery and heartbreak to many too-trusting women—and war time brings many opportunities for the bigamist. Especially those in uniform.

My postbag and special reports show that there has been an astonishing increase in the crime, and that the majority of culprits are Servicemen.

Perhaps the explanation may be found in the leniency with which some soldier bigamists are treated.

Typical instance was that of a "lonely soldier" bigamist who recently stood in the dock at the Old Bailey, and, probably to his own surprise, was bound over for two years.

This man, who had a wife and six children, appealed to girls to write to him as he was lonely.

Soon afterwards he "married" one of the girls who wrote to him, and after one month with her disappeared, leaving a message that he was seriously ill.

★ ★ ★

Another lonely soldier who left his wife to the mercies of a workhouse is a typical khaki bigamist.

He, too, deceived a decent girl. He, too, disappeared, leaving heartbreak and disillusion behind. Certainly he richly deserved his sentence of twelve months.

Another scoundrel in khaki who bigamously married a girl and had a child by her was not sent to prison, but bound over for two years!

★ ★ ★

I understand that Britain's law chiefs are considering a scheme to end the bigamy wave.

Every marriage would be endorsed on the birth certificate of the parties concerned.

Details of divorce or death would also be endorsed, and no marriage could take place without the production of birth certificates.

The sooner this scheme is adopted the better.

Bigamy must be stamped out.

Meantime, judges must teach bigamists in uniform that it doesn't pay.

Stop this Pensions Parsimony!

IS it useless to expect fair-play from the Ministry of Pensions?

Its latest injustice is to deprive a man of his pension after it had been in issue for only a few months.

Mr. James Ryan, of Hull, joining the Army at sixteen, served four years in the last war.

In January, 1940, he volunteered again and, after six weeks' training, was sent abroad as a fit man, roughing it in France during a severe winter.

Discharged in August, 1940, he was awarded a pension for osteo-arthritis.

The notification describes the degree of disablement as "arising from war service."

The Ministry now says his disability was *aggravated* by service.

After a medical board, pension was withdrawn because "the aggravation had passed away," and it is stressed that Mr. Ryan "stated that he has suffered from the disability for twenty years."

How can a medical board indicate the precise moment at which aggravation has passed away?

Sir Walter Womersley has stated that such men have a right of appeal to an independent medical specialist.

Yet it has been refused in this case.

Of what is the Ministry of Pensions afraid?

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

MUSICAL equivalent to the Victory V sign is always given by B.B.C. broadcasters as the first four notes of Beethoven's symphony.

Why Beethoven?

Mendelssohn's Wedding March contains the same "V" many times. I counted it in the same composer's "War March of the Priests" 72 times.

If the B.B.C. wants to play "V" music, the best music in the world is open to it. There is no need to keep boring us to death with one passage.—Tom Ellis, 45, Breadwell Lane, Porthill, Stoke-on-Trent.

He Preferred Exile

Southport Libraries Committee has banned Wodehouse.

A mistake, in my opinion. We don't know the true facts as yet.

In any case, his books are enjoyed—and it is a pity that people whose lives are transformed by reading him should be denied the pleasure.—R. S. Worthington, Clinton Road, West Derby, Liverpool, 12.

This is John Smith's war. John Smith has got to give up his home comforts to fight it. John Smith sees Wodehouse as one of a coterie who, for financial or other reasons, found it paid them to live abroad for many months every year. Now Wodehouse broadcasts for Germany. John Smith will want a good explanation—and there may be one—before he hands his money to P. G. Wodehouse (and that is entailed by buying an author's books) to enable him to live abroad again.

Pampered Pests

Farmers estimate that wild pigeons steal 10 per cent. of the grain they sow.

No wonder these pests are called the Blue Scourge.

And no wonder countrymen are appalled when, visiting the towns and cities, they see whole populations encouraging them.

They reply by robbing allotments—but, when seed-time comes again, it is the farmer who suffers through this maniacal pampering.—D. Rooke, Beaworthy, Devon.

Older the Wiser?

Writer of the suggestion that old men should be in bath-chairs, not on the Bench, is evidently not a magistrate.

Otherwise he would have known that there are many other duties besides "sitting."

Most magistrates are unpaid—in fact, pay their own expenses. They have many callers—in trouble or seeking advice. Or they want forms filling in. War brings a multitude of other duties for magistrates.

Experience, wide reading, wide knowledge, the gift of decision—these are expected of him. In other words, he wants *matured wisdom*, which comes with the years.—R. C. Woodward, J.P., Barclay Road, Smethwick.

Wasted Woollies

Wool will be scarcer this winter. It will be more difficult for kind-hearted women to knit comforts for the Services.

Therefore I hope that what supplies there are will be more equitably distributed.

My unit had none during the hardest part of last winter—but a neighbouring unit solely concerned with office work had so many that well-made, hand-knitted scarves were actually used for boot cleaning operations.—Private, Somewhere in Southern England.

Nice For Farmers

Agricultural "wages" in Northants have been officially fixed at fourpence an hour for kiddies aged between 12 and 14.

On these crazy terms youngsters deprived of vital school lessons are expected to assist farmers who are exempted from the Army, part of their income tax and, among other things, dog-licence duties, and who get lavish subsidies as well.—A. C. Hellidoll, Daventry, Northants.

Drag Him Out!

I am forty-four, a sergeant in the Army, but doing work that any woman in the A.T.S. could do.

Yet I have had a lifetime of experience hewing coal.

I served in the pits from the day I left school till the day I was called up. My two sons are in the R.A.F.

I know, beyond any shadow of doubt, that I should be dragged out of the Army by the ear and *made* to dig out coal.

Yet the Army holds hard to anybody it gets hold of, whether it has any real use for him or not.—Sergt., "Somewhere in Britain."

It's Quite Usual

I am a weaver, seventeen years of age.

Although weaving is work of national importance, I was told of more important work still—engineering.

So I threw up a good job to learn, and had eight weeks' training at real financial sacrifice.

At the end of that time I was told to sign on at the employment exchange as they had no work of any kind for me—not even weaving, apparently.—Trainee, Silsden, near Keighley.

Soldiers' Loss

Radiolocation is one of the best kept secrets of the war.

I trust that not so much secrecy is allowed to surround the fact that Army operators of radiolocation are to lose their trade pay as from July 1.

This, to a gunner-operator, is a loss of a shilling a day.

Meanwhile we are bringing men from abroad to do the same work at £9 a week *and keep*.—Army Radiolocator, Somewhere in England.

★ This is your feature—a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views. We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published. The address is: "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Public Enemies

New type of pest is creeping into northern markets.

Fortune-telling charlatans profess to give information about men serving in the Forces—for a fee, of course.

This is a war of great postal delays, due to the fact that mail-boats have to go in convoy and round the Cape.

Many otherwise sensible parents flock along to these imposters to get news that is no news at all. Some have been led to suggest that their boys are "missing."

The authorities shouldn't allow market space for such dangerous nonsense.—Norman Taylor, Wellington Street, St. John's, Blackburn.

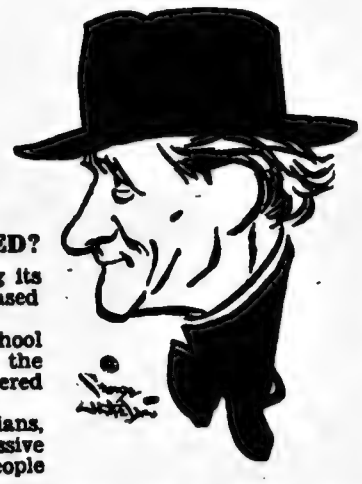
Noisy Youth

How typical the letter of your young reader, Mr. S. Howell, whose Youth Centre bought its own hut at a cost of £60—and then had to get out because they made a noise.

Youth makes a noise! How selfish of other people to mind! When Youth doesn't make a noise it is abnormal—or ill.

Youth reproached for making a noise becomes Youth discouraged, even embittered. It, too, when it is no longer young will become intolerant of Youth making a noise. And so the snowball of adult selfishness will grow and grow.—Harry T. Bradford, Gladwell Road, Crouch End, N.8.

SWAFFER LIFTS THE LID



SHOULD SCHOOL-BOOKS BE REVISED?

● America, after the last war, started revising its school-books, which had given very biased accounts of the War of the Revolution.

British children brought up on conventional school histories have little idea of what has happened in the past, except a lot of wars, and how we conquered somebody.

H. G. Wells became a model for school historians, who should blend in what would be most impressive and dramatic narratives the rise of the British people from thraldom.

Modern histories should tell how, in the past, Catholic burned Protestant and Protestant burned Catholic, and then how, in our country, religious tolerance spread; and how the trade unions, a century ago, started to release the masses from economic slavery.

They should explain the effect of the plough, the steam engine, antiseptics and wireless on the lives of ordinary people.

Dates do not matter. Human lives are all-important. Shakespeare was worth a score of kings.

ARE WE GETTING CARELESS?

● The victims in London's unexpected raid on July 27 included youngsters and women who had come back from safe areas.

General carelessness has been spreading for several weeks.

Russia's stalwart resistance made millions of workers slacken down.

When the *Luftwaffe*, needed on the Eastern front, became less violent here, the stream of evacuees back to the cities became serious.

Parents should realise that the wholesale evacuation planned by the L.C.C. in the early days of the war probably saved the lives of thousands of women and children.

As for the slackening in factories and on the docks, every instance of it is a crime against the nation.

WHY BE AFRAID OF RUSSIA?

● The unexpected success of the Russian armies, despised six weeks ago by all the "experts," has spread a new fear across the country, not only among Diehards and old-fashioned theologians, but among trade union leaders.

"If Russia wins too easily," they seem to agree, "Communism will spread right across Germany and France. Then where shall we be?"

Some fatheads still dread Communism more than the Nazis, just as Pétain did. Others, not so stupid, are afraid that, after the war, there will be a struggle of ideologies which will postpone democratic reform.

Yet at the time, similar people dreaded the result here of the French Revolution, which to-day is hailed as the most important milestone on the road to liberty.

This country need fear no ism. It has a way of adapting the extreme ideas of other countries and bending them to its own purpose.

My own view is that we shall liberalise Russia, and Russia will modernise us. Already its workers have made a mock of our Old School Ties, our Brass Hats, and the lethargy in our Civil Service. That was worth three major battles.

CAN'T MONEYLENDING BE CONTROLLED?

● When, at Marlborough Street Police Court, a moneylender admitted that his firm charged 75 per cent. interest on loans, though the Act insisted they could not recover more than 48 per cent.—well, the charging of nearly half a borrowed sum as annual interest was disclosed as a scandal.

Moneylending should not only be controlled rigidly, but nationalised.

It is incredible that the plight of people finding themselves temporarily short of money should be exploited by sharks who make a practice of frightening people by threatening their respectability with exposure in the courts.

Pawnbrokering, still despised as an occupation, is in many ways a public benefaction. Its comparatively small rates of interest are fixed by law.

On the other hand, moneylending on the larger scale often becomes sheer blackmail.

HAVE WE NO HARRY HOPKINS?

● Why is it that Britain has not yet produced a national figure who can recite in a broadcast speech, as Harry Hopkins did the other Sunday, a string of facts in such a way that they fascinated and became a vital, living utterance?

Why is it that we have no public commentator of the standard of Dorothy Thompson?

Why is it we lack a Quentin Reynolds, who could turn a speech, quite ordinary when it was read in print, into something that was both human and humorous?

The truth is that the Americans take much more trouble than we do over this sort of thing.

When I congratulated Reynolds an hour after his speech, he said: "Ah, you don't know how hard I rehearsed it."

When I watched Eddie Cantor do his London broadcast in a music-hall hour, I was amazed at his technique.

"I live radio," he said to me. "I eat it, I drink it, and I sleep it."

We seem to treat it as casually as though it were the tea interval at Lord's.

"JOHN BULL'S" 10-MINUTE STORY

Mr. Cowley was aghast. He had a vision of millions of houses in which the husbands meekly said: "Do you mind, dear?" and the wives lay back encushioned with a box of chocolates and a rubbishy novel. He came away from these week-ends seething with indignation and disgust

By Hedley Barker

CLAY FOR THE POTTER

GEORGE HENRY COWLEY was a man who never accepted substitutes. Only the best was good enough for him, and he always saw that he got it.

The best food, the best clothes, the best cigars, the best seat in the theatre. Mr. Cowley finicked and fussed and hummed and ha'ed. He might be a long time in deciding, but he always got the right stuff in the end.

At the age of thirty-five he had made money. He had a town house and a cottage in the country. And, not unnaturally, he was thinking about a wife.

One by one his friends had got married. As he had a lot of friends, Mr. Cowley might be counted as a veteran of weddings and a ripe judge of brides.

He looked upon these lovely creatures in their gowns of white with a cynical eye.

He weighed them in the balance and found them wanting. Passable, but not the best, by any means. Oh dear no.

About this matter of getting the best possible wife for himself, Mr. Cowley was very clear in his own mind. He knew exactly what he wanted, and he was prepared to wait quite a long time for it. Gems did not grow on gooseberry bushes, and he wanted a gem.

As time went on he began to despair of ever finding one. The more he saw of marriage the more convinced did he become that it was just one huge racket.

Occasionally he spent a week-end in one or other of his friends' houses, and it was pretty horrifying to Mr. Cowley to see marriage in action.

The husband fetched and carried. He deferred to his wife's silly views and allowed her to spend his money on perfectly hideous hats.

If he wanted to switch on the wireless, or go out to the local, or indulge in a game of billiards, it was always: "Do you mind, dear?"

Mr. Cowley was aghast. He had a vision of millions of houses in which the husbands meekly said: "Do you mind, dear?" and the wives lay back encushioned with a box of chocolates and a rubbishy novel.

He came away from these week-ends seething with indignation and disgust.

AMONGST the few friends he had who still remained unmarried was Ned Wetherton, and he expressed his views to him with no little heat.

"Shocking," he said. "You wouldn't believe it, Wetherton. Pampered women sitting back like princesses with goggle-eyed men giving in to 'em at every turn.

"Spineless husbands dancing attention on selfish wives. Waste, inefficiency, bad cooking, ignorance."

"As bad as that?" asked Ned Wetherton, mildly surprised.

"Every bit. Just painted dolls, that's all they are. Bores you to tears to listen to their idiotic conversation. Hair waves, the latest thing in finger-nails, face-masks, slimming, mud-baths, and Clark Gable. Wives? Well, they wouldn't do for me."

"No? You want something a bit different, eh?"

"Different?" Mr. Cowley's eyes gleamed. "I should say I do. Listen to me, Wetherton."

Whilst Wetherton listened, Mr. Cowley outlined his requirements in detail. His wife must be pleasant, docile, agreeable, charming.

She must have good taste in dress, good sense in housekeeping, be kindly, sympathetic, understanding, wise, generous. Above all, she must be content to take second place in the household.

"It's essential," said Mr. Cowley, "that she should realise from the beginning that I'm to be master in my own house."

"I see," nodded Wetherton. "Tall order, isn't it? Do you want her to be beautiful as well?"

"Reasonably so. I don't ask for impossibilities."

Wetherton considered for a moment. Then: "Such a woman doesn't exist, old man," he said.

"I don't suppose she does," admitted Mr. Cowley.

"Well, there you are, then," nodded Wetherton.

"BUT I don't intend to be beaten," said Mr. Cowley. "I'm looking out for the right kind of girl—physically, that is, and of a suitable age. Say about twenty-one."

"Yes, yes?" said Wetherton. He was interested.

"A pliable type on whom I can stamp the impress of my personality. And when I've found her, Wetherton, I shall get to work. Train her up in the way she should go.

"A little toning down here, a little heightening there. You see? I shall shape her, mould her as the potter moulds his clay."

Wetherton was rather impressed. "By Jove!" he said, "it's an idea, Cowley. And I should very much like, if you don't mind, to see how it works out in practice."

"You shall, certainly," promised Mr. Cowley. "I'll keep you in touch with developments."

Mr. Cowley, as head of a firm of manufacturers, was in a favourable position for getting hold of the kind of young woman he was looking for.

He had long been dissatisfied with his present secretary, so he handed her over to the costing department and advertised for a new one, stipulating age, height, and adaptability.

He realised that this was the most serious step he had ever taken in his life, and he interviewed the applicants most painstakingly. And at one o'clock, as a little blonde was shown into his room, Mr. Cowley was conscious of a thrill.

Here, he thought, was promising material. He could see at a glance that she was different from all the others. Quiet, demure, with a steady gaze, firm chin, not too much make-up, and a serious, rather purposeful expression.

After asking her various questions designed to discover the extent of her general knowledge and the direction of her tastes, Mr. Cowley engaged her on the spot. He considered he had got a find, and he was excited.

"Now, Miss Dowling," he said, eagerly, "first of all you will be required to study my likes and dislikes, to anticipate my wishes, understand my moods. Do you think you can manage that?"

Anne Dowling smiled. "I'll try very hard, Mr. Cowley."

Not a word from Mr. Cowley of what he intended: that, he knew, would never do.

He set about his business subtly, dropping a hint here, suggesting a change there, shaping her, moulding her as the potter moulds his clay, watching her blossom under his tutelage with a fascinated delight.

As time went on he took her out to dinners up West. Without seeming to teach, he grounded her in wines; without seeming to criticise, he imposed a nice restraint on her dress; without being superior, he expounded the more serious plays.

After three months of this, the change in Anne Dowling was astounding. Not only had her physical appearance altered (she had changed her hair-style and now wore expert make-up), but she was immeasurably more the lady and less the shorthand typist.

She was, in fact, the finished product of George Henry Cowley. In every movement, every inflexion of her voice, every detail of her clothes he could detect his own influence, and he was proud of his handiwork.

One day he rang up Wetherton. Wetherton had seen Anne Dowling at the beginning. Of the actual transition from buttercup to orchid he had remained in ignorance. And as he lifted the 'phone, Mr. Cowley smiled triumphantly.

"Hullo? That you, Wetherton? Cowley speaking. Look here: could you dine with me to-night at my place? I've got a surprise for you."

WETHERTON was more than surprised when he entered Mr. Cowley's tasteful dining-room and saw Anne. She had changed out of all recognition, and he was staggered.

Fascinated, too. To see her self-assured serenity at Mr. Cowley's dinner-table was a revelation.

She was perfection. Her voice was low, husky, soothing, never rising to harshness, never offering its opinions unless asked for.

Her frock fell happily between the two extremes of daring and restraint. Her movements were infinitely graceful, her smile delightfully intimate. Wetherton was charmed.

So was George Henry Cowley. He was happier than he had ever been, and what put an edge on his happiness more than anything else was the fact that he himself had worked patiently to make Anne just what she was.

"I must congratulate you, Cowley," said Wetherton, when they were alone. "By jove!—I envy you, I do indeed."

"Lovely, isn't she?" agreed Mr. Cowley. His eyes gleamed with pride and enthusiasm. "You know, Wetherton, I can play on her like a harp. She responds at once to my lightest wish. A sort of delicate sounding-board divining my every want—that's what she is."

In the summer they were married. Because of the war they spent their honeymoon at a quiet resort on the West Coast. At the end of the second week, Wetherton received a letter from Mr. Cowley.

"Having a glorious time," it said. "Fishing, bathing, just loafing about. If you should be by chance down this way drop in for a week-end."

Wetherton thought the request an odd one, but put it down to Cowley's desire to show off.

THE little town was in the midst of a heat-wave when Wetherton arrived.

Mr. Cowley had given him the address of their bathing-hut, so he took his costume and towel and went down.

Inside the hut he found Mr. Cowley. His eyes were glued to a pair of binoculars, and the face behind them looked almost agonised.

"Wetherton!" cried Mr. Cowley, "how are you? Thank heaven you've come. Didn't you once tell me you were a good swimmer?"

"Fairly good," nodded Wetherton, "I can do——"

But Mr. Cowley had thrust the binoculars into his hands. "Look," he begged, "out there, that crimson dot on the water. It's Anne. She worries me to death. I sit here and shake. Suppose——"

"She's a good distance out," said Wetherton. "A mile, a mile and a half——"

"I know," groaned Mr. Cowley, "it's terrible. I've told her about it, but it doesn't seem — look here, old man; will you go out to her? Explain to her how worried, how dreadfully worried I am?"

Half an hour later the crimson cap framed a lovely smile.

"Well! Mr. Wetherton. This *is* a surprise."

Mr. Wetherton explained his mission. He painted a picture of George Henry Cowley, frantic in the bathing-hut.

Anne looked at him whilst she trod water.

"Listen, Mr. Wetherton," she said. "George is very nice, but he's just too smug for words. He's had too much of his own way. I don't suppose he's ever had any opposition in his life. Well, I'm going to improve him. He's got a lot to learn. He's got to be trained, kneaded, moulded into shape. And I'm starting right now."

Holidays Needn't Mean the Seaside

● It is possible to enjoy a holiday thoroughly by going no farther from home than one's feet will take one. Even a meal in bed is a real holiday for the housewife

Says HUMANIST

AT this season of the year a number of readers generally write about holiday problems. In normal times they want to settle a dispute about whether a man and wife should take their holiday separately, but this year have not much choice in the matter.

Still, there are other problems created by war conditions.

We should all like to have our usual fortnight's holiday (*writes a man*), but it seems rather hopeless. Half the seaside places are out of bounds and the rest are choked full of evacuees.

Owing to rationing difficulties a holiday in some pleasant inland spot is well-nigh impossible. We don't want to spend all the time searching for food.

We are asked to remain at home this year, and to a man like myself this can be quite enjoyable. We can potter about in the garden or go for rambles across the countryside.

But it is no holiday for a wife if she has to carry on with the usual shopping and cleaning, cooking and washing all the time.

The children also want a change. They will be home from school and don't want to hang about with nothing to do. I wish you would say what you think about this problem on your page. I am certain that a great many parents are worried about it, as I am.

If the writer were thinking primarily about himself I should be impatient with him. In a time of unlimited national emergency like this the majority of people are willingly foregoing holidays altogether.

But the man is thinking of his wife, who is getting no holiday at all.

I wonder whether he has considered the idea of a few day excursions—rambling over the hills and along footpaths, carrying food in a haversack and enjoying a picnic meal under a tree.

His wife would probably appreciate the "break" from everlasting cooking, and the children would regard it as great fun. There are always lovely places one intends to visit some time; why not seize the opportunity this summer?

A good many harassed housewives who write to me would thoroughly enjoy a full day in bed, with all the meals taken up on a tray! To a man it may not sound exciting, but it is a change and a rest. Let the husband turn cook for a day and ask the children to lend a hand.

HERE is a totally different subject, suggested by a young man who works in an office.

The Governor is a martinet (*he says*). To his employees he is either like a god or an ogre.

There is never a smile on his features; never a look of encouragement. He might be made of cast iron.

One morning recently he did not turn up and I was deputed to take some documents to his home for inspection. No one at the office envied me the job, and I confess I did not exactly rejoice myself.

But I had the shock of my life. The "Gov." welcomed me with a smile that made me feel at home at once. So also did his wife and daughters. I might have been an only son on leave.

I never saw a happier household. The daughters idolised their Dad and he idolised them.

I was made to stay to lunch and afterwards the "Gov." said: "You may as well make a day of it now you're here."

We played tennis; we went boating on the river; and so jolly and affable was he that I felt almost like a junior partner in the firm. It was altogether delightful.

Next morning I thought I should be signalled out for some special sign of favour, but I had another shock. He ignored me as if I did not exist. The cast-iron look had come back again.

I wonder, Humanist, whether you can explain the dual nature of this man. He must be two people in one body. Don't you consider it extremely unusual?

The answer is "No." There are hundreds of men who wear an uncompromising mask in business but drop it the moment they get away.

I can understand a man being stern in the office and kindly at his home. I think he can be forgiven even if his policy is wrong.

The man I cannot excuse is the type who is affable everywhere except in his own home: the bully at the fireside who is regarded as a sport in the club or at the "local."

I believe Browning declared that every man has two soul-sides—one to face the world with, and another to show a woman when he loves her.

DOMESTIC unhappiness begins when the roles are reversed, which brings me to another problem sent by a woman reader.

Is there anything worse than jealousy? (*she asks*). It is like a disease with me and threatens to ruin our home.

I have one of the best husbands in the world. He does not smoke or drink and he never goes anywhere without me. His only hobby is gardening.

Yet I am the most miserable woman under the sun. He works in a government factory where they employ a lot of girls, and I keep on at him, asking him whether he walks home with them.

We are having row after row about it. He says he is afraid to speak to anyone and has to watch every movement.

The children are upset. Our house is a house of misery. Yet we ought to be so happy.

My husband says this can't go on much longer as it is making him ill. He says he has reached a point when he doesn't care what happens.

But I love him so much and feel so ashamed after I have caused a scene. Please try to help me and do try to understand how I feel.

I'm afraid this reader is terribly possessive. She thinks that she owns this husband of hers, body and soul, and wants to monopolise all his thoughts.

She will have to fight it out with herself. She must refuse to let her suspicions take shape in words. She knows they are nightmares of her own making.

I don't suppose the man is the least bit interested in other women, yet his wife is doing all she can to drive him to them. She is forcing the idea upon him.

Jealousy is a primitive feeling. One cannot reason with it. It has to be stamped out of existence, and no one can do this but herself.

Her love is like a creeper which destroys the tree to which it clings.

Women get tired of washing-up and cleaning the house. A day in the country picnicing would mean a complete change for them

GUINEAS FOR READERS

Every week HUMANIST tackles a postbag of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).

LURED BY THE WAR

"I want to go because England needs me as quickly as possible," wrote Miss Nina Dyson, of New York, in her application for radiolocation work in Britain.

"I want to go because my mother's house in Liverpool was bombed and I want to do something about it. My wife wishes me to go, and to go, too, if they'll let her," wrote New York volunteer Joseph Mills.

TWO typical sentiments expressed by two typical Americans who are on their way to join the hundreds of their fellows already voluntarily working in Britain's "front line."

Every ship, every Clipper brings across more men and women who are willingly leaving the bright lights of peace time for black-out and bombs.

Nine-tenths of the Americans in Britain are here because they want to be here.

Among U.S. newspapermen a London assignment is considered to be the greatest "plum."

American representatives of the U.S. Red Cross and War Relief organisations insist on investigating our blitz ordeals and needs at first hand. American doctors and nurses pour over to staff hospitals supported by American money.

Typical of these last is 52-year-old Dr. Wallace H. Cole, who came over here months ago to be head of the first all-American hospital unit in Britain.

Dr. Cole met German bombing in the last war, when he was working here in 1917, and in France in 1918.

Which, perhaps, is why he demanded six months' leave of absence from his position of professor of orthopædic surgery at Minnesota University to come over and tend bomb injuries.

And that six months is likely to increase to "duration."

"Portable" Hospital

Dr. John E. Gordon, the famous U.S. expert on preventive medicine and epidemics, now in charge of the £100,000 "portable" American hospital shipped over here by Harvard University and the U.S. Red Cross, had a taste of Nazi bombing in an April blitz.

To join him and his fellow U.S. doctors in the hospital, which is financed by a £25,000-a-year grant from Harvard, have come many American volunteer nurses.

During June, 17 of them were torpedoed in the Atlantic. Their only reaction was typically expressed by one: "I'm going to write home to say that the sooner the American Fleet helps to sweep the Atlantic, the better!"

America's premier "disaster man," 27-year-old W. H. G. Giblin, came over recently to report on our raids and raid needs for the U.S. Red Cross.

Giblin is normally in charge of relief services during the only-too-frequent American natural disasters, which average 100 a year.

The U.S. Red Cross also has two or three whole-time representatives touring the country so that our needs may best be served.

A Big Job Ahead!

Representing the British War Relief Society here is American-born Mrs. Rex Benson, who was largely responsible for the allocation of £250,000 during six months. The Society aims at a total of £4,000,000—so Mrs. Benson has a big job ahead.

One of the scores of American pilots now here with the ferry service (A.T.A.), who saw a U-boat blown up on his way, said: "It was a good sight at the time—but better still when we look at the damage in this swell town of yours."

A sight that more and more American volunteers will see.

MASQUERADE

BEWARE of the Hun when the reckoning's begun, when his mockery dies on his lips, when he slinks out of sight in the dead of the night to hide all his truncheons and whips, when he changes his threats to whines and regrets, when injustice he starts to parade, when he launches appeals and his hatred conceals—it's all part of his Grim Masquerade.

BEWARE of the Hun when appearing to shun the things that have brought his decline; he'll crawl and he'll creep but right down and deep he'll keep working to undermine, for it seems that he must for ever walk oddly apart. He may seem a sad clown when he's made to climb down, BUT HE STILL STAYS THE SAME IN HIS HEART!

J. M.

The many thousands of new workers pouring into the factories are new wearers of LYBRO OVERALLS. They have created a demand which has taxed our productive capacity to the utmost. That is why your outfitter, who is experiencing a very difficult time, is obliged to keep you waiting awhile. Please help him by ordering your LYBRO OVERALLS early.

LYBRO OVERALLS
The Battle-Dress of the Home Front

The Postwoman still gets her wash done

—*but bans boiling*

I'M a postwoman—and I like it. When I lost my husband I had to support myself and my family and a postwoman's job appealed to me more than most.

My hours are from 6 in the morning till 11.30 a.m. and then again from 2 till 5.30 p.m. You see, I do the sorting as well as the deliveries. My household work I have to fit in between 11.30 and 2 p.m.

At one time, I thought the washing would prove my Waterloo! There's always a lot of clothes to boil—including my son's mechanic's overalls which get *filthy*—and I simply could not do the wash, get lunch and be back again at 2 p.m. I tried it of course, but I was fit for nothing in the afternoon after bending over the copper, rubbing away at the clothes.

One day a neighbour popped in while I was doing the boiling and "went" for me! "I'm surprised at you," she said. "Years younger than me and yet you're still doing old-fashioned *boiling*. Haven't you heard of Rinso and *soaking* clothes clean?"

I said I had, but dirty things needed a boil to get the dirt out. "Nonsense," she said. "I'll prove it to you." And she whisked out of the kitchen to return with a packet of Rinso.

IN spite of my protests, she took the rest of the washing and did it her way while I watched. She just soaked the clothes for 12 minutes in Rinso suds made with water straight from the hot tap. At the end of that time she just washed them through, rinsed them and there they were—snowy! She didn't have to rub them—I was staggered. Even my boy's dirty overalls came clean.

So next week I did my whole wash the Rinso way. It saved me an hour and a half! Now I never boil the things. I've found I save all the extra coal or gas I used to burn over the washing. My neighbour tells me, too, that the clothes will last months longer—because soaking is so much kinder to them than boiling and hard rubbing.

If other women are doing war work as well as housework these days I'd strongly advise them to do their wash the Rinso way. It's the best time, work and money saver there is, I'm sure!

RINSO SOAKS CLOTHES CLEAN

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Purely vegetable

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Boxes 1/5 & 3/5 (*Including Purchase Tax*)
Also obtainable in PENNYWORTHS

THE LAST LAUGH

HEADMASTER (Essex).—"I caught three of my boys helping themselves to my raspberries." So you gave them the cane?

PTE. N. (East Coast).—"One cannot get beer here, or cigarettes here, or chocolates here. In fact, there is nothing one can get here." Except fed-up, of course.

R. S. (Wellington).—"A fellow in our street thinks he is educated, but in my opinion he is next door to a downright ignorant person." Your neighbour, eh?

N. S. (Watford).—"As for my prize marrow, people walk in from miles around to see it." To see ours properly, people walk miles round it.

F. M. (Oxford).—". . . and in conclusion my wife asks to be remembered to you and says would you care to come to her 30th birthday party next Tuesday?" Thanks a lot—but we came last year.

L. R. (Worcester).—"I had the idea of supplying all my friends with cherries for jam from the tree planted in my garden." But it didn't bear fruit?

F. M. (Frome).—"I make my wife a good allowance, so what do you think she keeps changing cheques for?" Cash.

RECRUIT (Royal Engineers).—"They have issued me with boots, wellingtons and canvas shoes. What do I have to march in?" Step.

A. F. (Pershore).—"When would you consider a man to be of real importance?" When he was equal to his own opinion of himself.

R. E. (Bath).—"Women's dresses aren't modest, to my mind." Nor are the prices now being charged for them.

B. E. (Exeter).—"I've had bad luck with both my wives. The first one, for instance, eloped." And the second one didn't?

M. J. (Coulsdon).—"Some of the eggs I have had lately have been dreadful. My grocer says they are Empire eggs." He means Roman, probably.

D. M. (Hitchin).—"During very hot weather, what is the best thing to keep a violin in?" Tune.

N. C. (Longton).—"The young lady said I was annoying her, but I wasn't even looking at her." That's why she was annoyed, we expect.

AUSSIE (London).—"You can't keep a good man down." Or down under, in war time.

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"So this is yer first sight o' the war, is it? Well, what do yer blinkin' well want us to do? Run through the parts you've missed for yer?"

C. B. C. (Elstree).—"I declared in my speech that I always did my best to alleviate human suffering." And then proved it by sitting down?

P. R. (Clacton).—"I have ceased using my car since the outbreak of war, but still enjoy motoring in retrospect." You must find it a positive thrill to crawl under the vehicle now that it is jacked up so conveniently from the garage floor.

S. R. (Wellington).—"My wife saw me coming out of a London night-club, and she was very angry about it." But surely she didn't want you to stay in there?

G. E. (Esher).—"Walking near a cricket ground recently I found a strange coin with two heads." It probably belonged to an enthusiast who used it to see if he would stay at the office or go to the match.

R. K. (Earby).—"When a woman has bought a new hat, she often seems to become irritable for some reason or other." That's when her neighbour has bought two.

G. L. (Poole).—"I say that, in these days, there's no limit to what a woman can do in the various callings." That's right—even to robbery. A pretty woman can open a safe quicker with a kiss than a burglar can with dynamite.

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips."

GLASGOW EVENING NEWS:—". . . then sieve and add chopped SHOTS and grated carrot or a tin of vegetable soup."

EVENING EXPRESS:—". . . for selling a tin of YEARS for 2s. instead of 1s. 6d."

THE GREATEST OF THESE

● *"I have been bombed out twice and lost everything. My husband is in the Army and I am left with three young children,"* writes Ronnie's mother, who has now been evacuated to Heaton.

Her Army pay amounts to two guineas a week—which leaves a very small balance after paying insurance and 12s. a week rent.

At the moment mother and three children are all sleeping in one bed. Furthermore, they are all badly in need of shoes.

With bills for gas and electric light to meet, Mrs. Davis cannot buy anything except a little food to keep them from starvation.

Will you help this woman in her struggle to live? Donations should be earmarked "Twice," or for our General Fund, and addressed to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given. A list of the current week's subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy will be sent on application.

There are no deductions for administration expenses.

CASH WINNERS

PRIZES VALUE OVER £325 WON IN "BULLETS" No. 1,282 and XWORD No. 234.

£50 First Prize:—
Pte. J. E. Hurley, R.A.F.C., c/o 17, Belmont Road, Exeter.
Example: IN FRITZ'S OPINION
Bullet: GESTAPO INTERESTED - HITLER SENT!

£20: F. T. Jones, c/o Valentine's Stores, 3/4, Broad Street, Ludlow.
Example: Hitler v. Stalin
Bullet: "Deadlock"? Our Bombing. "Kev"

£10: J. Brandon, L.A.C., R.H.Q. Signals, R.A.F., Somewhere-in-Britain.
Example: A Monster
Bullet: Wallop Europe—Hustn't "Run"!

£5: Mrs. Griffiths, 190, Parrin Lane, Winton, Patricroft, M/c.
Sick Of Hearing—"To-morrow"—Frits Remembers "Yesterday"

£4: J. Smith, 57, Redneal Mill Lane, Rubery, Birmingham.
What We Must Do—Send America "Goods"—Propaganda!

£3: W. Ellenmore, 36, Whitley Rd., Eastbourne.
Men Who Says Little—About War, About Wool

£2: J. Akroyd, 6, Industrial Tce., Halifax.
Fighting—Grimly, On "Husband's Allotment"

20s.: Miss M. Mathewson, 18, St. John Street, Crewtown.
Food's A Munition, So—Retreating Russians "Flaking" *Flat*

20s.: J. A. Dean, 12, Laird Ave., Grays, Essex.
Just As I Anticipated—Anti-waste Film, Ironqueen Recorded!

20s.: G. Thompson, Fire Station, Ardoyne, Belfast.
What We Must Do—Break "Bottle-necks"—Save Books

20s.: L. Dodd, 32, Cambridge Rd., Birkenhead.
He Lost His Tank, And—Frits Resumed Bewildered Thither!

20s.: A. W. Maskell, 36, Woolwich Common, S.E.
Like A Tornado—Thinks *Official*, Watching Bolshevism!

A list of 3 Winners of 20s., 20 Winners of 5s. and 60 Winners of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

£100 Won in Xword No. 234.

WINNING WORDS:—1. Bank. 5. Brisk. 9. Vervet. 4. Hake. 8. Wagon. 7. Hare. 7. Rose. 8. Lad. 9. Loud. 10. Lion. 11. Lend. 12. Barred. 13. Sheep or Sheet. 14. Skies. 15. Bulk.

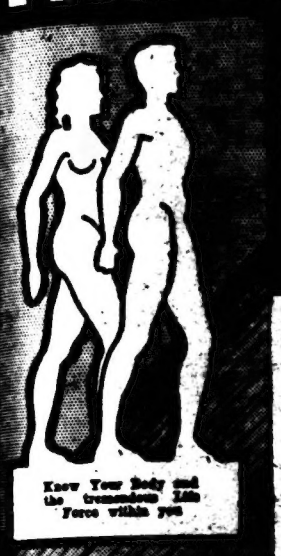
£50 SHARERS: A. G. Atkins, Canterbury; S. Butterfield, York; J. W. Collins, Maidstone; J. Craven, W. Hartlepool; F. Fagan, Sheffield; A. Greaves, Leeds; J. W. Honeycombe, Hove; Mrs. G. Hornby, Newcastle-on-Tyne; W. Lendin, Thurso; J. M. Reynolds, Belfast; F. F. Mahon, Scarborough; W. T. Mills, Hastings; D. Oliver, Manchester; E. J. Plant, Bolton; F. Type, Rowick, Sussex; G. Wallis, Hampton, Middx.

Runners-up Awards value £25 shared between 129 entrants.

THIS WEEK'S OFFERS, WITH PRIZES VALUE OVER £325, AWAIT YOU ON OPPOSITE PAGE

JOHN BULL'S GREAT NEW BOOK OPPORTUNITY

THE MIRACLE OF THE HUMAN BODY



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You need no money now for this book, but you must apply AT ONCE on the Order-Label below. Owing to wartime conditions supplies are strictly limited. All applications will be dealt with in strict rotation. Post the Order-Label below TODAY!

To know his or her body, to know the vital functions of every part of the most delicate and miraculous machinery ever created, to know the innermost wonders of manhood and womanhood, is the duty of every man and woman, young or old, married or single.

DO YOU KNOW WHY you are attracted to the opposite sex? Do you realise that mighty forces are behind within you? Do you know how your body was evolved? Do you understand the functions and reasons of every part of you? Do you know what foods you breathe, think, speak and live? Do you know how every part of you is formed, nourished and linked with the other, and how the movement of every organ is controlled?

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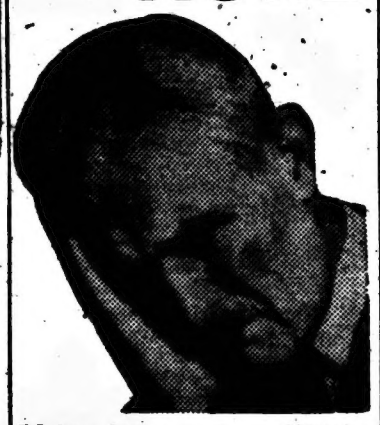

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TWO TABLETS GIVE MAGIC RELIEF

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements get hard and constipated and your food decays unnaturally in your 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything.

Your friends smell this decay coming out of your mouth and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help a little, but you must get at the cause. Take Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills and get what you ask for. 1/5 and 3/5.

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kills pain quickly

Swiftly, surely, Propax drives away pain: better still, rids your system of the cause. Unfailing 'double-action' for headaches, neuralgia, influenza, colds, and nerve pains; can't hurt heart or digestion.

From Boots, Timothy Whites & Taylors and all chemists 1/5 & 2/6

PRIZES value £325 MUST BE WON THIS WEEK!

PRIZES value £200 in BULLETS | £50 | £20 | £10 | £5 | £4 | £3 | £2
30/- | 29/- | 28/- | 27/- | 26/- | 3/- | 2/5

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

TO make a *Bullet* simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below.

FREEDOM'S FOUNDATION-STONE
SOMBS
WE DON'T WANT
PRICE OF VICTORY
COME WHAT MAY
TO HELP RUSSIA
HONEST MAN
GETTING IN A MESS
HITLER'S DREAM
STUPIDITY
NOT ENOUGH

BULLETS 1,282 RESULT [illegible] on Page 14

FATHER NEPTUNE
FED UP WITH EVERYTHING
KEPT BEHIND
TOO OPTIMISTIC
SUCCESS'S HARVEST
WAR OR NO WAR
SOUNDS CHEERFUL
LIKE A SCHOOLBOY
FINGER IN THE PIE

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

WHERE THERE'S A.....
WHY WE'RE STILL.....
MAKING THINGS.....
AT THE LAST.....
NOT WORTH.....
FOLLOWING THE .....

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

Make paper entry equally eligible.

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets on this coupon.

Signed .....

P.O. Value..... No.....

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1,286 Closing Postmark, MON., AUG. 18.

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY

With "Bullets" you may enclose Xwords—one entry-fee covers both entries.

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize will go to competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. Awards value £25 between Runners-up. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—Postal Order or Stamps must be enclosed for entry-fee at rate of 6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xwords columns used. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated September 6, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

PRIZES value £125 FOR THIS XWORD | £100 in Prizes | RUNNERS-UP AWARDS VALUE £25

ONE WEEK ONLY!

For result of Xword No. 234, see page 14; to win in this week's Competition, study Clues carefully and enter on coupon below.

TRY John Bull's 10 MINUTE XWORD No. 238

CLUES Answer every clue by ordering letter in entry column.	5p Entry-fee for 1 Col.	5p	5p	5p
1 Breaking this may well be a sign of strength	ORD			
2 In final scene audience likes to see villain reduced to	RAG			
3 One sometimes be spotted by threatening, hostile attitude	GAN ER			
4 Assiduous student soon gets familiar with this at laboratory	ANG			
5 Big one may prove disappointingly coarse	PI E			
6 Inventor of new oven will be disappointed if it doesn't do this well	AKE			
7 Experienced passenger isn't afraid of boat's	LU CH			
8 Use of this in gold may be for decorative purposes	BRA D			
9 One sometimes sees birds fly off for	OOD			
10 Solicitor who has experience of that concerned is better able to defend client	COU T			
11 Bank cashier is accustomed to doing this, both of large and small sums	CAS TING			
12 One sometimes help in the detection of motor thefts	CHE K			
13 Neighbour's may benefit by visits to your garden	BE S			
14 Sporting man will be able to tell of cause if dog is this	AME			

PLAIN PAPER Send in entries on this coupon at rate of 6d. for each 2 columns submitted. Extra entries on plain paper equally eligible—same rate of entry-fee.

Closing Postmark MON., AUG. 18.

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee.

P.O. value.....

No.....

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS YOUR ENTRY

"Bullets" No. 1,286—or Xword No. 239, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.)

Are *your* teeth "white lies"—white in front, tartar coated at the back? Most people's are, and most people do nothing at all about it. They don't realise that tartar is often the real start of dental trouble, caused when the tartar pushes the gums away from the teeth.

Protect your teeth *now* by using Solidox. It's the only toothpaste containing Ricinosulphate, the tartar-removing ingredient. Solidox prevents and removes tartar, keeps your teeth clean, healthy and really white back and front.

TWO SIZES NOW—
1/3 and 7½d
(including purchase tax)

PREVENTS 'WHITE LIES'

JOHN KNIGHT LTD., LONDON, E.16 SOL 40-9-65

'ASPRO' will HELP YOU during the HOT WEATHER

Sound, restful sleep that comes quickly and easily—freedom from pain, nerviness, lassitude and irritability—they are the priceless gifts 'ASPRO' offers you during hot weather. Just take two 'ASPRO' tablets on retiring and you will awake fit and refreshed—fully equal to the day's exertions. Lassitude and nerviness vanish in a few moments under the soothing influence of 'ASPRO'—headaches, rheumatic pains and summer chills are things of the past. 'ASPRO' is a wonderful antidote for these hot weather troubles. Remember 'ASPRO' is absolutely safe.

Give 'ASPRO' a trial for Headaches and Feverishness

Value of 'ASPRO' in Times of Stress

Mrs. D. GLOVER, of 13 Blayton Road, Sheffield, writes:—"I am pleased to say my family are all safe. During these nerve racking nights 'ASPROS' have become more valuable than ever and we are deriving a greater benefit from them."

Sleeplessness and Headaches Banished

SARAH COHEN, of 11 Melchett Street, Hadar Hacarmel, Haifa, writes:—"For several years now I have been suffering from Headaches and Sleeplessness—especially during the Summer. I noticed your newspaper advertisements, and decided to give 'ASPRO' a trial. I am now happy to report that 'ASPRO' proved to be a most satisfactory and effective remedy, and gave me complete relief. I shall be very glad if you will publish these lines, in order that others suffering may derive benefit through this publicity."

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetylsalicylic Acid. No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.
Made in England by ASPRO LIMITED, Slough, Bucks.

ASPRO PRICES INCLUDING PURCHASE TAX 3½D 7D 1/5 2/10 ASPRO

True to name

Named nearly 20 years ago after the famous Australian Troops, who have again demonstrated their fine quality—Player's "Digger" lives up to the fine values its name implies. Made in five varieties, full flavoured, cool and lasting, it meets the needs, in a most satisfying way, of all who enjoy smoking a full strength tobacco.

PLAYER'S

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FLAKE · SHAG · MIXTURE · PLUG · HONEYDEW

1/3½D PER OZ.

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd. P.D.89

PORRIDGE!

The Sun is 2 hours Cooler

Breakfast temperatures this year create an appetite for this sustaining, delicious yet economical meal.

Oatmeal is difficult to obtain, so try Allinson's famous Whole-Wheat Flour—an excellent substitute, and note also that Wheat is less heating than Oats and it corrects constipation.

Recipe in every 3½ and 7lb. sealed cotton bag, on sale at all Bakers and Stores at popular prices.

They'll be welcome this winter

PEAS AND BEANS are very nourishing and they are easy to preserve and to store. *Drying* is the best method for peas and broad beans; *salting* is the best method for runner and French beans. Think how your family will enjoy these summer vegetables on a winter's day! Here is how to do it:

DRYING. Begin by dropping the peas or broad beans (shelled) into boiling water; boil for two or three minutes, drain. This improves the colour. Next, if you have time, "pop" the skins off; the peas or beans then fall into halves and dry more quickly. All vegetables should be dried as quickly as possible, but be careful not to scorch them.

In the Oven. Spread the vegetables thinly on cake racks or trays made by nailing wooden slats together for frames, and tacking tightly stretched canvas or other open material across the bottoms (old curtain net will do). Put the trays in the oven (temperature not more than 150° Fahrenheit) and leave the door slightly open as this allows the moisture to escape. If you have a dial regulator, take no notice of it, but use the tap to adjust the heat, or you can use the heat left after baking, and so save fuel. In this case give several "bouts" of about an hour daily.

Over the Kitchen Range. Sling hammock of muslin or curtain net below the plate rack. Spread peas and beans thinly on this. Cover the vegetables to keep the dust out.

In the Airing Cupboard. Spread the vegetables on muslin, place on the hot water tank or on the hottest shelf in the cupboard and leave for several days with the door ajar.

Whichever method you use, continue drying until the peas or beans are quite crisp. Then leave them for twelve hours to get cold. Store them in paper bags, or pieces of paper tied with string, in tins or jars. Look them over occasionally to see they're all right.

SALTING. Use young fresh runner or French beans. Wash, string, and if large, break into two. Dry for a few minutes on newspaper in a warm place. Crush the salt and dry it, too. Put a layer of cooking salt into a dry crock or jar, press in a layer of beans; then another layer of salt, and so on. The secret of success is to pack the salt well down and all round the beans. Use at least 1 lb. of salt to 3 lb. of beans and finish with a deep layer of salt. Cover with a cloth or paper and tie with string. Look at them occasionally. It doesn't matter how damp the salt becomes so long as the beans are well covered. If the contents of the vessel have shrunk, re-fill it with alternate layers of salt and beans, finishing with salt, and tie the cover on again.

FOOD FACTS No. 12

Do you listen to "The Kitchen Front" on the wireless at 8.15 every morning?

MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, S.W.1.

END SUMMER SKIN TROUBLES

WHY put up with sunburn, heat spots, rashes, insect bites and other Summer skin worries when there's Zam-Buk? The refined medicinal oils in Zam-Buk easily absorb into the skin, soothing pain and irritation, allaying swelling and inflammation and giving you a clear, unblemished skin.

Excellent too, for sore aching feet, blistered heels, and everyday injuries.

Zam-Buk

The Grand Herbal Ointment.

AWAY GO CORNS

Get relief in one minute. Apply *Dr. Scholl Zino-pads* and corn pain is gone—because the cause is gone—shoe pressure and friction. Separate Medicated Disks, supplied with every packet—quickly loosen Corns, so that they soon lift right out. Special size *Zino-pads* also for Callouses, Bunions, Soft Corns. 1/5 per packet.

Dr Scholl Zino-pads

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J.B.L. 188 ★ 178